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bomb-throwers with wild whiskers; and probably Mr. Daugherty and his chief lieutenants would have a similar comic-supplement idea of them.

MR. HEYWOOD BROWN remarked in his column in the New York *World* the other day that "the business of freeing political prisoners is vastly more important than prohibition." This would no doubt be the view of all humane persons. Prohibition and imprisonments for opinion were really twin phenomena of the war-period, rooted in the interesting idea that citizens will be moved to kill the citizens of another country most wholeheartedly if their own Government becomes as despotic and meddlesome as possible. For purposes of the war, Mr. Wilson's Administration organized official mendacity so effectively that the various Government Departments are still permeated by it, and some of them are still struggling hopelessly in the mesh of their own illusions. Last summer, high officials of the Department of Justice were wont to declare that they could not recommend clemency for the political prisoners because the majority of them belonged to the I. W. W., and the Department had detailed reports that throughout the West, members of the I. W. W. were wrecking trains and blowing up bridges. When asked why they did not place some of the miscreants on trial, the guardians of the law would reply mysteriously that they were holding back in order to get the leaders of the nation-wide plot. Since precisely nothing came of all the departmental sound and fury, the most charitable assumption is that the officials were simply deluded by their own reports and their own prejudices. Meanwhile, as Mr. Brown points out, there is a prospect that by the time sanity is established all the men in jail will have died.

It speaks well for the enlightenment and general alertness of the politicians at Albany, that the Legislative Library has been found to contain copies of a publication which once questioned the wisdom of the Lusk Laws. These laws are said to be due for repeal, but to-day they still remain on the statute books, as an unsavoury memorial to Senator Lusk's great crusade against bolshevism. At one time or another, the inquisitorial and legislative activities of the Senator and his friends raised a smell that was too much for the most conservative of liberals, and even for some of the least liberal of conservatives. In the press, the remonstrances were many and vigorous; and it is indeed a pleasure to know that one of these printed protests somehow found its way into the collection of periodicals which stands presumably as a symposium of public opinion in the great State of New York. The vehicle was the *Outlook*, a gentle and grandmotherly publication founded by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, edited for many years by the Rev. Lyman Abbott, and sub-edited for a time by the not unpatriotic Theodore Roosevelt. Hitherto we had not suspected the *Outlook* of sedition and criminal anarchism; but now that it has been banished from the Legislative Library as the rip-snortingest radical publication ever admitted to the capitol, we are beginning to wonder what sort of paper the legislators look to for an interpretation of conservatism.

CURRENT COMMENT.

It is reported in the news-dispatches that even Senator Lodge is in favour of the unconditional release of the fifty-three political prisoners still held in Federal jails under the war-time gag-law. Senator Pepper is another convert to sanity in the matter of these victims of hysteria. Fifty Episcopal Bishops recently petitioned for amnesty; and to such an extent is the darkness dissipating that at least one post of the American Legion, the Willard Straight Post, has warmly endorsed Senator Borah's vigorous campaign for release. The prisoners have now served for over five years. They have seen the prison doors open for the few German agents and war-time bomb-plotters who were gathered in under the espionage law. The Administration is apparently indifferent to criticisms of its policy or lack of policy. Mr. Daugherty's underlings—the Attorney-General himself has been absent from his office for most of the past half year—seem to regard the political cases with peculiar disfavour. Instead of releasing the men who are already in jail for their political beliefs, the Department is at present making efforts to increase the number of political prisoners behind the bars by the score or more of alleged Communists now on trial under the criminal syndicalism law of Michigan, on the strength of raids engineered by the Department's *provocateurs*.

THERE are not a few poor but honest citizens who take the view that the political prisoners are kept in jail as part of a great capitalist plot. In our opinion the great capitalist plot is as vague and remote as the great radical plots with which Attorney-General Daugherty's underlings are constantly frightening themselves. We think the monstrous sentences for political beliefs are the result of the ignorance and prejudice which serve our politicians in place of understanding in matters social and economic. An instance of what we mean by ignorance and prejudice was furnished the other day at the Communist trial in Michigan, when the prosecuting officer expressed his horror that philosophical anarchists had been invited to participate in the work of the defence committee. "They make pretty good bedfellows for you people, don't they?" the prosecutor inquired sneeringly of the Communist witness. Presumably the learned attorney would visualize such exponents of anarchism as the gentle-hearted philosopher Kropotkin and the distinguished educator Ferrer, as

At Washington, the battleship is still taken rather seriously as an engine of war; but in this respect our Government seems to stand alone. The navy has secured an appropriation of \$6,500,000 for the modernizing of its capital ships, on the plea that the British Government has already carried through a programme of this sort; but the Britishers have now informed the Department of State that they have not laid out any money on such improvements since February, 1922. Mr. Hughes's correspondent did not go on to say, for our information and guidance, that the attention of His Majesty's Government is now concentrated on the job of outbuilding France in the air. We may expect, however, that this news will eventually reach Washington; and indeed there are implications that it has already arrived. For example, Mr. Denby has just discovered that the Panama Canal is quite defenceless against attacks from the air; and again, the Navy Department, although it still hangs on with one hand to the millions appropriated for modernizing its bold triremes, seems to be on the point of extending the other hand for moneys wherewith to build air-planes, and aircraft-carriers and auxiliary vessels of other varieties. This proposed move is in accord with the spirit of the times, and the sooner it is made, the sooner will our people understand that the treaty for the limitation of armaments registered a change in the technique of warfare, and nothing more than that.

THE price of sugar has soared mysteriously to war-time levels, and since every housewife in the land is constantly buying this commodity at the grocer's, the rise is causing no end of hullabaloo. It is estimated that if the present price-inflation continues, the increase will cost American consumers between \$300 million and \$500 million by the end of the year. Inasmuch as Cuba had a bumper sugar-crop, the inflation is difficult to explain save on the theory of manipulation of the market.

MR. BASIL P. MANLY, director of the People's Legislative Service, recently sent a letter to President Harding pointing out that the current rise followed on the heels of an extremely pessimistic statement on the world's sugar-supply, issued early in February by Mr. Hoover's Department. In fact this statement predicted that the left-over stocks would be eaten into by a deficit of 700,000 tons this year. Mr. Hoover, in his reply to Mr. Manly, did not deny that speculators had begun to clean up on the day following this statement; but he asserted that the statement in itself had not been pessimistic, but had been misinterpreted in the press. In rebuttal, Mr. Manly quoted the original document, which assuredly indicated a great shortage of sugar. To this, one of Mr. Hoover's bureau-chiefs replied that he had drawn up and made public the original statement without Mr. Hoover's knowledge. It appears that from this controversy Mr. Manly did not emerge second best; and Mr. Hoover's declaration that his Department has been conducting for some weeks a rigorous investigation of conditions in the sugar-market, will probably not reassure the housewife-voters. We trust that the Department of Commerce will publish its conclusions, if it has made any, on the relation of the present sugar-tariff to the rise in price.

WHAT a splendid diapason of morality arose from the politicians of the Western World over the death-sentences imposed by a Russian court on a Roman Catholic Archbishop and several priests! The humane Polish Government joined hands in protest with the King of Spain, and the indignation voiced by the Tories in the British Parliament was echoed by our own Mr. Hughes. The outburst in Parliament was particularly impressive. Several

staunch Church of England Tories in that body demanded that the trade-representatives of the barbarous Russian Government be sent packing forthwith. Well, times change. There have been years when the British Government had no scruples against executing a bishop or two. James II tried to have seven of them put to death at once, though his plans went agley. We can even remember one famous Archbishop of Canterbury who was stabbed to death by a governmental Ku-Klux band in order to save the trouble of a regular trial. As late as 1920 two Catholic priests were murdered somewhat informally in Ireland by Imperial British forces, but we do not recall that at the time this aroused any comment in Parliament.

At this distance, the trial of the Archbishop and his colleagues in Russia is still involved in some obscurity. According to the news as reflected in the fragmentary press-dispatches during the court-proceedings, it appeared that the defendants were accused of refusing to obey the law confiscating certain ecclesiastical valuables for famine-relief, and of advocating violent resistance to officers of the Government. For this the death penalty seemed wholly disproportionate, even if, as now appears evident, it was to be imposed only "in principle." Since the end of the trial, however, the tardy news-cables have made it clear that political matters were deeply involved in the case, and that the defendants were accused of treasonable activities during the war with Poland. This is a horse of another colour. In connexion with this affair, it is interesting to recall that the Soviet Government recently concluded an agreement with the Vatican welcoming back the Jesuits, who had been expelled from Russia several generations before Bolshevism was heard of. This agreement was in line with the apparent policy of the Soviet Government to encourage opposition to the Russian church by opening a broader opportunity for the growth of other sects.

THE result of General Degoutte's ultimatum to the German railway-workers of the Ruhr will be worth watching. According to notices posted throughout the district, these men must return to work under the new French masters or be forcibly deported from the district. The order is said to affect 125,000 men and their families. We judge from this threat that the passive resistance of the railway-men has reduced the French invaders to desperate straits. The new order may possibly start more wheels rolling, but it seems a hazardous plan at best, and easily likely to prove a boomerang. Military deportations are not difficult in practice, but in principle they are likely to lead to all sorts of unpleasant complications. The German militarists, whose technique the present rulers of France are so abjectly copying, tried deportation against the natives who sabotaged their occupation in Belgium, and the moral effect was scarcely commensurate with the trouble involved. We recall that the deportations in Belgium were held up as evidences of German brutality and barbarism. What can one say about the same policy when it is adopted by the heroic and gentle-hearted leaders of France?

SPEAKING of M. Poincaré's little sojourn in the Ruhr valley, Mr. H. N. Brailsford recalls in the *New Leader* (London) that some time before the war all the Powers, great and small, met together at one of the highly press-agented peace-conferences that were so fashionable in those days, and solemnly contracted that none of them would ever invade another nation to collect a debt. This sacred covenant was signed at the second peace-conference at The Hague, in 1907, and it was in due course ratified

by all the larger nations, including France. The agreement gives a piquant touch to the present European situation; though of course it is merely one of many proofs that the path of political Government is paved with scraps of paper.

WHILE Mr. Bonar Law has been reiterating, like a statesman and a gentleman, that there is "no question of oil" in British designs in Mosul, some of the British periodicals have taken an interesting contrary view. The *Aeroplane*, a semi-technical weekly, in the course of an editorial on the need of using force to the uttermost in order to keep the Near Eastern natives in a proper state of submission, remarks: "We can not afford to let him [the Arab] go on kicking up a fuss, because we must have peace in Arabia if we are to build and operate our oil-pipe line from Basra to Jaffa. . . . The Air Force and the navy will have to depend very largely and possibly altogether on Persian oil in the coming Race War, and that oil supply must be assured with absolute certainty. Consequently we can not allow Kurdish and Arab tribes in the Mosul district to harbour Turkish and Bolshevik agitators who are endeavouring to stir up these tribes to interfere with our territory." This is commendably frank, and so is the editorial conclusion that "unfortunately we are to-day more than ever a nation of shopkeepers, and therefore oil is probably of greater importance than honour."

AFTER a prolonged secret discussion of the refusal of the Turkish Government to accept the terms offered to it at Lausanne, the Allied Governments have politely invited the Turks to another peace conference at which, they intimate, they will be prepared to make concessions to the Turkish demands. They are prepared to modify the convention giving foreigners in Turkey supra-legal status, and they intimate that even the economic clauses of the treaty, which placed the financial affairs of Turkey largely under commissions representing alien creditors, might undergo substantial change. We gather from this that Lord Curzon is prepared to climb down, as gracefully as possible, from his high horse. There seems to be a growing feeling in England that the Government has enough matters to worry about without keeping things in a turmoil in the Near East, and Mr. Bonar Law's Administration has come in for some hard knocks over the failure at Lausanne. Under the circumstances, it is possible that the new conference will be marked by less political fireworks and more common sense than was the first.

INSTEAD of Mill "on liberty," we now have Mussolini. According to the Italian Premier, "men nowadays are tired of liberty"; "for the intrepid, restless youths who are now in the dawn of a new history, other words [he says] exercise a greater fascination, namely: order, hierarchy, and discipline." Measured by this test, we ourselves are neither intrepid, restless, nor youthful, for we still prefer the spirit of Mill to the spirit of Mussolini. Because of its essential richness of thought and its freedom from formalism, the "Autobiography" has best survived the test of time; but even in the "Principles of Political Economy," one may still find such passages as this, to set off against Mussolini's panegyrics on order, hierarchy and discipline: "The form of association which . . . must be expected in the end to predominate, is not that which can exist between a capitalist as chief, and workpeople without a voice in the management, but the association of the labourers themselves on terms of equality, collectively owning the capital with which they carry on their operations, and working under managers elected and removable by themselves."

TOWARDS the end of his life, Mill concentrated his attention more and more upon the chief obstacle to the development of voluntary co-operation. Late in the 'sixties, he helped to organize the Land Tenure Reform Association, and took an important part in its campaign to prevent the private appropriation of the future unearned increase in the rent of land. The last thing which he wrote for publication was a pamphlet prepared for the Association, in which he drew a sharp distinction between land and the products of labour, and urged once more that future accretions in ground-rent should be reclaimed for society by means of taxation. In all this, Mill was looking towards a kind of freedom which the young men of to-day can not properly be said to be tired of, because they have never tried it. In respect, at least, of its unexplored potentialities, the programme of freedom has an advantage over the programme of authority, every possibility of which has been tested by some antecedent Mussolini, and found wanting.

WHEN we wrote recently on "An Aspect of Semitism," we were dubious about being able to make ourselves understood; and now the letter from Mr. Henry Goodman, which we published last week, has shown that our doubts were justified. Mr. Goodman says that "Jews of intellectual consciousness everywhere in this country, as in Europe, are confronted with the task of maintaining their integrity as Jews." He reminds us that we can not possibly hope to solve this problem by denying its existence; whereas what we have been trying to say all along is that from our point of view, the problem is not worth solving.

As Mr. Goodman sees it, the individual who borrows so extensively from alien cultures that he loses his identity with the group into which he was born, is a priori a loser. On the other hand, it appears to us that the result, in the way of gain or loss to the individual, depends wholly and entirely upon the quality of the material which he borrows. If he reaches out for the best of everything, wherever he may find it (as cultivated men did normally, in the days of the Renaissance and of the Enlightenment), his identity as a Jew or as an American may be lost, but the loss will be more than compensated by the expansion and enrichment of his spirit. We are by no means sure that Mr. Goodman is right when he says that the Judaism of Israel Zangwill and the Americanism of Sherwood Anderson have not delimited the humanism of either; but we are dead certain that any Jew who reads Zangwill, or any American who reads Anderson, to the exclusion of any non-Jewish or non-American artist of greater ability, has left himself by this choice a poorer man.

A FOREIGN-BORN citizen has obtained permission from the courts to change his name from Lust to Lusk, because the original designation caused him "humiliation and embarrassment"; and thus the Out-of-the-Frying-Pan Club gains a new member in full standing.

The editors can not be responsible for manuscripts submitted, but if return postage be enclosed, they will do all in their power to see that rejected manuscripts are returned promptly.

It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either in substance or style. They are printed because in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

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TOPICS OF THE TIME.

FREEDOM ON THE NILE.

It is now more than a year since the British Government, *consule* Lloyd George, announced to the world that henceforth Egypt was to be "an independent and sovereign State." As we recall, this declaration was hailed as a great victory for liberal ideas, and for a period the editorial welkin rang with eulogiums of the generosity and magnanimity of the emancipators of Downing Street. Pious war-time phrases about the self-determination of small nations, which had become somewhat tarnished in repute, were repolished and set in circulation again. Ireland had been set free and Egypt had been set free; and these liberations were the living symbols of a new order of peace and good will. Like a god self-slain at its own strange altar, Imperialism lay dead.

Not long ago the first anniversary of Egyptian independence came and passed. There was no news of any general celebration among the Egyptian population on this great occasion. In fact, contemporary events in Egypt are hidden behind a news-censorship apparently even more rigid than that exercised in Ireland when the Black-and-tans were performing their imperial rites of murder and arson a few years back. Virtually all the dispatches that reach this country from Egypt concern themselves with figures and events that held the stage 3000 years ago. Archæology has its practical value as a political red herring; and thus the Egypt of Tut-Ankh-Amen is news and the Egypt of Lord Curzon and General Allenby is not. Our Sunday pictorials are filled with pictures of the relics and symbols of the ancient days, even to the glove of fine texture worn by Pharaoh; but they make no suggestion of the mailed fist of the present British High Commissioner.

From a hint gleaned here and there in the bolder English periodicals, we gather that the perverse latter-day Egyptians have not been altogether happy in their new freedom. We have noted brief dispatches about bombs being thrown at British soldiers, and intimations of reprisals similar to those which have been familiar under the *pax Britannica* in Ireland and elsewhere. The jails are crowded with political prisoners; and leaders whose views are not acceptable to General Allenby, the British High Commissioner, and to Lord Curzon, are kept in exile. Two Egyptian Ministries have fallen in a few months, and the British rulers are hard put to it to secure any respectable Egyptian place-holders to fill the purely ornamental Cabinet positions. Of late, furtive dispatches from Egypt have been declaring that the situation grows steadily worse. The correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* in Cairo recently cabled: "No solution of the Egyptian question is possible until militarist control has been replaced by diplomatic control. Sane British opinion here is dead set against a policy which shows an utter bankruptcy of statesmanship."

A brief recapitulation will throw some light on the quality of the independence and sovereignty bestowed on the people of Egypt by the kind-hearted British Government. Back in November, 1921, it was announced that Lord Curzon was negotiating a treaty with Adly Yeghen Pasha, who represented the Egyptian people. The Egyptian people had not exactly selected Adly for this important task; in fact he was Lord Curzon's man, picked by him as wholly dependable. In the preamble to the "treaty," it was announced that the British Government terminated its protectorate and pledged itself henceforth "to recog-

nize Egypt as a sovereign State under a constitutional monarch." This handsome idea was, however, considerably mutilated in the body of the document, which in fact provided for a rigid British dictatorship. Even the pliant Adly dared not attach his signature to the paper; and thus the negotiations fell through.

Lord Curzon, however, was determined that Egypt must have independence; and as a preliminary to this, he began to purge the country of the leaders of the political party in Egypt which stood for independence. Zaghlul Pasha, the leader of the Nationalist party, and his chief lieutenants were deported to a remote island, where they have remained ever since. This being accomplished, Lord Curzon chose another dummy, Sarwat Pasha, to succeed Adly; and eventually, in March, 1922, with a great blowing of trumpets, Egypt was declared free and independent.

The independent sovereign State continued to be occupied by a British army. Martial law, which had been in force since the autumn of 1914, was still maintained in spite of Lord Curzon's promise that it would be abolished. A strict military censorship clamped the lid on adverse opinion. The British High Commissioner, Lord Allenby, continued to serve as the irresponsible dictator of the country; and he selected the Egyptian Prime Minister and supervised the personnel and policies of the Government. One incident will illustrate how the much-heralded Egyptian sovereignty worked out in practice. Last summer Zaghlul fell ill on his lonely island. There were fears that he might die. Eight of his followers, who had taken up the work of guiding the destinies of his party during his absence, issued a manifesto asking the people of Egypt to demand his release. They were promptly tried by a British military court and each was sentenced to serve seven years at hard labour, with a fine of £5000. The jails, indeed, have been heavily patronized, and as time has passed the general unrest and discontent has grown. In November the Sarwat Ministry found itself unable to carry on any longer, and another crew of political figureheads was propped up by General Allenby. "These gentlemen have now also faded from view."

The cynical political farce staged in Egypt by Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Curzon now seems about played out. There is talk of recalling Zaghlul and making an arrangement with him. In reality he seems to be a moderate man who would be satisfied with any reasonable concessions to the somewhat illusive idea of home-rule; and his programme evidently does not embrace any embarrassing economic demands which would interfere with absentee landlordism, that particularly vicious form of land-monopoly which is the curse of Egypt. Possibly Mr. Bonar Law's Government could negotiate with him, with results as happy as those arrived at after Mr. Lloyd George's Government negotiated with Mr. Arthur Griffith and associates. If he is summoned from his exile, we may be sure that the imperial politicians of Downing Street will make a virtue of it, and the publicity-evangelists will intone a full-throated chorus on the blessings of democracy, self-determination, humanity and all that sort of thing. Indeed, the bestowal of full sovereignty and independence on Egypt may now become an annual event.

"THE CLOSED COMMERCIAL STATE."

BECAUSE the attitude of the British Government is somewhat more favourable to the reconstruction of Central Europe than is the attitude of the Government of France, our English friends are acquiring in

this country a reputation for common sense which some of them have hardly merited. To be sure, there seems to be no considerable demand in England for a renewal of the attack on Germany; but, on the other hand, there is certainly a body of opinion that favours concentrating attention on the Empire, and letting ruin take its course on the Continent.

It is perfectly natural that the spiritual heirs and assigns of Joseph Chamberlain should be happy in the destruction of foreign competitors, and even indifferent to the loss of foreign markets. Their theory has been, all along, that the people of the Empire ought to be in every respect sufficient unto themselves—that they ought to be entirely independent of alien producers, and largely so of alien purchasers as well. In 1903, Mr. Chamberlain put the case very neatly. "We have," he said, "an Empire which, with decent organization and consolidation, might be absolutely self-sustaining. There is no article of your food, no raw material of your trade, no necessity of your lives, no luxury of your existence, which can not be produced somewhere or other in the British Empire, if the British Empire holds together, and if we who have inherited it are worthy of our opportunities."

It is not surprising that the great reduction in the capacity of the people of Central and Eastern Europe, both as producers and as consumers, should have led to a revival of protectionist propaganda. The empire-builders would be foolish indeed if they did not take advantage of a situation so favourable to their plans. In an article in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, Viscount Long of Wraxall presents figures which show that since the outbreak of the war, the rate of increase in the value of exports from the United Kingdom has been much more rapid in the case of the imperial trade, than in that of foreign trade. During the period 1913-1921, the value of the annual exports to foreign countries rose from £330 million to £404 million, while exports to the colonies increased from £195 million to £299 million. If due allowance were made for the rise in prices, it would probably be discovered that the total amount of commodities exported had actually declined. However, the statistics certainly establish the fact that British manufacturers are finding an increasing *proportion* of their customers within the Empire; and it is this change which Viscount Long finds particularly salutary. The figures quoted, together with those for the value of British exports in proportion to the population of the receiving countries, show, he says, "how strong the position is at the present moment, and how essential it is to do all in our power to make this a permanent and well established condition of things."

Four years ago, the Imperial Conference declared for a system of preferential tariffs, which is calculated to serve his lordship's purpose; and since that time Mr. Winston Churchill and other eminent persons have spoken out warmly in support of the more positive phase of the imperialist programme.

Many of our old customers have disappeared [said Mr. Churchill, in 1921]. We have killed a lot of them, and others we have put in the bankruptcy court, and owing to this inconvenience, they are unable to renew their monthly or yearly orders with that regularity and abundance which we had a right to expect. Why don't we look in the great circle of the British Empire? Here are assets in which you could sink two hundred million pounds in the next ten years with the certainty of getting back every penny you invested. . . . It seems to me that the development of our own colonies is one of the factors which ought to be used in solving the temporary collapse and break-down of the markets and purchasers.

Viscount Long brings forward these quotations from Messrs. Chamberlain and Churchill, in support of his case; and in the two succeeding issues of the *Nineteenth Century*, two other writers continue the plea for concentration on the Empire. Mr. W. A. S. Hewins, the chairman of the Empire Development Union, says that since the policy of protectionism is everywhere on the make, it is absolutely necessary for the people of the Empire to cultivate their own gardens. Lieutenant-Colonel R. F. Cottrell celebrates the fact that, just as British goods are being sold increasingly within the Empire, so British capital is showing a tendency towards concentration within the imperial circle. Colonel Cottrell believes that this tendency should be promoted, and as a means to this end, he suggests a new form of imperial preference which would lay special burdens on investments outside the British domain, or grant special favours to investments within.

The sheer wastefulness of all these schemes is apparent in the fact that they can be carried out only with the help of wars, blockades, tariffs, taxes, and other impediments in the normal course of economic development. The war has thrown the Empire into a state of siege; the imperialists have found that this is very much the sort of thing they like; and now they are turning out in force to maintain and magnify the abnormal conditions which have already been created by an absent-minded Providence.

THE "WISCONSIN IDEA."

ACCORDING to all accounts, the legislature of Wisconsin has committed an indefensible and outrageous act in censuring certain professors in the University of Wisconsin for having signed a round-robin denouncing Senator La Follette's attitude as one of the famous "little group of wilful men" who opposed the war. It is not appropriate to inquire too closely into the motives which actuated these professors. Possibly some of them were affected by the hysterical mania of hatred that Mr. Wilson's Administration organized and promoted upon the country. Possibly some of them were affected by considerations of prudence. Be all that as it may, it is mere officiousness to presume to go behind the returns. *Prima facie*, this round-robin, gotten out in condemnation of a public servant's attitude on a highly important matter of public policy, was gotten out in good faith. Its signatories were Senator La Follette's constituents, and they were acting wholly within their rights. If the fundamental law of this land means anything whatever to the legislature of Wisconsin, we beg to inform that body that any group of men, be they professors or be they peanut-vendors, have the Constitutional right to publish freely a repudiation of any public act of any person elected to represent them. If these professors denounced Mr. La Follette in terms that are actionable, that is a matter to be settled after the fact and by due process of law. For the legislature of Wisconsin, however, to take cognizance of the matter, is an intolerable and vicious impertinence.

It so happens that this paper is cordially in sympathy with Mr. La Follette's opposition to the war, and wholly against the professors. But that is a small matter. The point is that officeholders who nominally operate under the Constitution of the United States, can not pick and choose among Constitutional rights according to their sympathies; and the Constitutional right of these professors to sign and publish their round-robin was every whit as valid as Mr. La Follette's right, or Tom's, Dick's or Harry's right to oppose the entrance of this country into the war. Nor do we

ourselves, we are free to say, feel overburdened by the weight of our own respect for the Constitution; but that again is beside the point. The point is that the legislature of Wisconsin is formally and officially proceeding, in all it does, under the Constitution as the fundamental law of the land. The Constitution is the final rule of its game. Mr. Wilson's Administration carried what Walt Whitman calls "the never-ending audacity of elected persons" to an unprecedented length of tyranny over the opinions of those who sympathized with Mr. La Follette; it broke through every Constitutional restraint with arbitrary and anarchistic violence. The legislature of Wisconsin now seems to be doing precisely the same thing in attempting an arbitrary and anarchistic tyranny over the opinions of those who do not sympathize with Mr. La Follette.

The matter, however, is much larger than would be indicated by a mere arraignment of the legislature of Wisconsin. This body is probably *par excellence* "liberal and progressive." It is composed, that is, of State politicians who wear a certain label and are devoted to certain political formulæ—perhaps State ownership of this or that, nationalization of this or that, shifting of a tax here or a tariff-schedule there, or something of the kind. Well, then, here one sees how much actual liberalism a "liberal" legislature displays. The lesson is no new one. Mr. Wilson was a famous liberal, and his Administration was liberal to the core; yet for ignorant and vindictive oppression, when once it got into power, we have never had one like it. Mr. Asquith's Government was liberal; so was Mr. George's. The new regimes in the Succession States, in Italy and Poland, are professedly liberal. Yet we are told on all sides that these new Governments are incomparably more arrogant than the old, the bureaucracies more arbitrary and insolent. In observing them one can get the precise measure of political liberalism in its practical outcome. We have for years observed liberalism and progressivism in power, and we most civilly desire to be excused from living under it or having anything to do with it.

Freedom and justice as matters of philosophical principle are one thing; as a shibboleth of politics, they are another. We are all for freedom and justice as matters of philosophical principle. We believe in them, and it is for their ultimate triumph that we work. We do not believe in just so much freedom and justice as is consistent with having Mr. La Follette vindicated or having Mr. Wilson's prestige enhanced or having this or that officeholder's policies promoted—and beyond that point, oppression and anarchy. Here is one of the fundamental differences between the politically-minded liberal and the radical; and if our readers choose to do us the honour of taking it into account, we shall be most grateful.

TILTING AT WINDMILLS.

NOTHING seems to disturb the equanimity of our Gargantuan trusts. They have withstood the epithets of rhetorical statesmen, they have survived the orders of dissolution issued by the courts, and it is clear to everybody that as first-class monopolies they continue to function as thoroughly as ever. The fact is that in spite of the wordy wars that have raged about these gigantic corporations, very little effort has been made to discover the secret of control by different groups over our coal, timber, oil, and other raw materials. It has been assumed that the monopolies were permanent, and that the greed of the corporations could be checked only by some sort of governmental control.

To discover the reason for this attitude, one would

have to search the complexities of the human mind for some explanation of its attachment to preconceived ideas, and its contempt for logic. There is nothing obscure about the history of the monopolies in question. They rest firmly on the legal privilege of exclusive land-ownership. Until there is a recognition of this first cause, however, the exercise of trust-busting will continue to resemble a charging of windmills. Whenever a Congressional inquiry produces a document like that recently issued by Senator La Follette's committee, dealing with the iniquities of the Standard Oil companies, we expect it to follow conventional lines, and we should be mightily surprised to find it overstepping the bounds of superficial criticism and raising the disturbing question of abstract rights.

The measures suggested by the committee offer faint hope of a thoroughgoing discussion of this question. They seem rather to aim at harnessing the great oil-colossus so that it may be ridden by Government officials. By exacting a uniform system of bookkeeping, it is argued, reasonable prices can be determined; monthly reports to a Government bureau, stating the quantities of crude oil in storage and in transit, will keep tabs on distribution; classing pipe-lines with railways as common carriers, and submitting them to similar rules, will ensure, it is hoped, impartial service and satisfactory rates, which are to be further encouraged by a revision of freight-charges on petroleum-products. There is something piquant in the proposal to restrict or prohibit exportation, in view of the complaints that come from Washington because of similar tactics adopted by the British in making the most of their rubber-monopoly. In short, the report simply impresses one anew with the readiness of Congress to interfere with every detail of private business, and its strange diffidence when it comes to recognizing the common right in the public domain.

However unpopular socialists may be, State socialism grows apace. It proceeds through a vicious circle, or rather a vicious spiral, in which the granting of privileges is followed by an attempt to prevent the public from being victimized beyond endurance. In an effort to balance the improper power given to favoured individuals, equally improper power is conferred upon the Government; with a resulting increase in the girth and the appetite of the two giants who feed upon the industry of the people. The possibility of safeguarding individual rights by restoring competition, is rarely considered, but Senator La Follette's committee has at least glanced in that direction. "If," says the report, "the independent operators in the oil-industry could be given an equal opportunity with the Standard companies, there is strong reason to believe that they would be able to restore and maintain healthy competition." But in order to equalize opportunities, something more radical is needed than a mere relaxation of the anti-trust laws in favour of the under dogs.

If the monopoly rests upon the exclusive ownership of oil-lands and pipe-lines, this privilege must be cancelled before competition can be given a free hand. The whole population can not work at oil-production, but it can share in the possession of the oil-wells by collecting their rental-value for public use. The recent increase in assessments in the coal-regions of Pennsylvania marks a step in the direction of reserving monopoly-rights for the benefit of the public. It is not essentially a question of increasing taxes, or of substituting one kind of tax for another, but of making rent rather than taxes the source of public funds.

The demands of justice would not be met unless the exploiters of natural resources were given, in return

for rent, a free rein in the conduct of their private affairs. There would no longer be an excuse for burdening industry with taxes, or submitting business-operations to the impertinent scrutiny of Government agents. The impossibility of making a speculative gain from the possession of unused opportunities would cause these opportunities to be relinquished, and thus the whole field would be opened to competition. Any advantages then accruing to certain operators, such as the Standard Oil companies for instance, would be the result not of monopoly, but of better organization or an ability to render better service to the public, qualifications by which those who exercised them ought in fairness to profit.

It is not apparent that such a solution of this question has occurred to Senator La Follette's committee. There is a point, however, which it does well to bring up: the question of patents, which are frankly monopolistic in form, and must act as a restraint on competition. While the committee does not question the policy of granting patents in the first place, it asks for an investigation by the Department of Justice into the control of basic patents in the processes used in the production of gasoline. The abuse of patent-rights by rich corporations, which can ruin their poorer competitors in the courts, is an evil that ought to be corrected; and if the discussion leads to a scrutiny of the theory of patents, something will have been gained.

It seems to us that a profitable course in such investigations as this would be that followed by Mr. Robert Smillie before the Sankey Commission when, in the presence of the British mine-owners, he questioned the validity of existing titles to the British coal-fields. If an attempt is made to draw a vital distinction between the Standard Oil Company and the independent operators, there will be danger of losing sight of the principle of equal rights which alone can rescue us from the maze of legal subtleties by which monopolies are disguised. What is needed is a rule which can be applied with fairness to all, no matter what their material resources, or what the magnitude of their operations, who are engaged in producing wealth from the earth.

A CITY BEAUTIFUL.

WRITING in the *New Leader* (London) a physician, Dr. R. Dunstan, makes an interesting survey of health-conditions in the city of Birmingham, the metropolis of one of the most important industrial centres of England, and one of the richest municipalities in the Empire. Since the advent of power-machinery, Birmingham has progressed mightily in population and wealth. In 1801 it was a town of 73,000 inhabitants. By 1900 this number had increased to half a million. To-day the population approaches the million mark. Metal working in all its forms is the principal industry. It is one of the most important centres in the United Kingdom for the manufacture of motor cars and tires.

The encyclopædias mention many handsome public buildings in Birmingham, the symbols of an opulent community. The town hall, of Anglesea marble, is modelled upon a Greek temple. The handsome assize court building shows the luxurious ornamentation of the Renaissance, and the council house and art gallery is a handsome monument also in the Renaissance style. The principal thoroughfare, Corporation Street, was constructed through the centre of the town a few decades ago at a cost of \$7,500,000, and it is said to be altogether worthy of Birmingham's proud commercial position. In making this handsome avenue, declares the faithful "Britannica," the fathers of the city

cleared away "a mass of unsanitary property." We get the picture of a handsome, gracious city, a veritable flower of the industrial era.

Dr. Dunstan, a shrewd observer, noticed things that apparently were not observed through the rose-coloured spectacles of the encyclopædic *Pollyannas*. He records that the city contains over 43,000 back-to-back houses, inhabited by at least 200,000 people amid conditions of filth and squalor. In a report on these homes, the city's Medical Officer of Health describes them as of inadequate size, "damp and dilapidated," with "no water supply inside the dwelling" and "no provision for the discharge of slop-water." The sanitary conveniences are often at some distance from the houses, and frequently in "a revolting condition." Owing to the smoke and soot from the factories, the Officer of Health declares, it is impossible "to keep clean, or to cultivate any green thing." He adds that the whole outlook "is sullied by soot-besmirched buildings in a soot-laden atmosphere." In one section which Dr. Dunstan measured he found the houses crammed together, fifty to an acre. He describes the overcrowding within them as "appalling." A number of cases were cited by the Health Committee in a report dated October, 1922. They included such items as, "Father, mother and nine other members of the family, aged thirty years to six months (one tuberculous), in one living room, one bedroom, one attic. Father, mother and four children, aged five and one half to one year; father and one child tuberculous; all live in one room and sleep in one bed."

The wards of the city are divided into three groups, the Central Wards, the Middle Ring and the Outer Ring. The bulk of the overcrowded homes are in the Central Wards, and the death rate there is about double that in the Outer Ring. In the Central Wards, as compared with the Outer Ring, five times as many children die of measles, five times as many of summer diarrhoea. The only deaths that rate higher in the Outer Ring are those from old age. This complaint is rare in the central slums.

The city embraces an area of 43,500 acres. Of this no less than 25,000 acres are still without buildings and are rated as "agricultural land." The 18,500 acres which are built upon bear a total tax-rate of £4,332-931 a year, and the 25,000 acres of vacant land pay only £13,856. In this inequality is rooted the social history of Birmingham.

There can be no cure for the evil housing-conditions in Birmingham or elsewhere [concludes Dr. Dunstan] until we realize that the economic rent of this country belongs to the community, and should be collected by the people for communal purposes. Were this done the present unjust rating system would be abolished, an ample fund provided for municipal housing-schemes, and at the same time the so-called owners of the land would be made to stand aside and allow the land to be used for its proper purposes. If the unused acres of Birmingham were made to bear their share of the city's expenditure the owners could not hold them out of use, and the medical Officer of Health would be able to see his work accomplished and the slum areas cleared.

We have quoted Dr. Dunstan's conclusion at length because he seems to be an unusually clear-sighted person. He has studied the case of Birmingham as a scientist, without animus or passion. Among the submerged 200,000 in Birmingham he notes general uncleanness and lack of thrift, much drunkenness, and a tendency to turn for relief to "other depraving diversions." Probably Birmingham is not better or worse than hundreds of other cities in Great Britain or the United States. Assuredly it has the usual proportion of benevolent, well-meaning citizens. Assuredly

it has its high-hearted reformers, improvers, uplifters, and a full quota of good people who lecture the poor on the virtues of sobriety and sanitation and the technique of rearing children. In fact the reformers of Birmingham have been active for many years. "Birmingham," we note in the excellent "Britannica," "was the birthplace of the freehold, land and building societies, by which workmen are enabled on easy terms to acquire homes of their own. The risk of an overcrowded population is consequently minimized." This is indeed a handsome palliative, at least on paper. Reform, it appears, had another victory a few years back, when the municipal boundaries were greatly enlarged with the idea of spreading the population and thinning out the central slum areas. Unfortunately this extension of the city-limits simply served to send land-values in the proposed new building areas soaring far beyond the purchasing power of the slum-dwellers, just as anyone but a reformer might have predicted that it would. The slums, therefore, remained undispersed.

Dr. Dunstan's excellent diagnosis is to be heartily commended to reformers and economic homeopaths in every city. Its implications might be most profitably taken to heart.

MISCELLANY.

A FEW weeks ago I remarked that I had been re-reading Ignatius Donnelly's "Atlantis." In this book Donnelly set out to prove the hypothesis that the cradle of civilization was the lost island of Atlantis, the history of which is related by Plato as it was told to Solon in Sais by a hoary Egyptian priest. This island, according to Plato, "was larger than Libya and Asia put together, and was the way to other islands, and from the islands you might pass through the whole of the opposite continent that surrounded the true ocean; for this sea which is within the straits of Heracles is only a harbour, having a narrow entrance, but that other is a real sea, and the surrounding land may be most truly called a continent. Now, in the island of Atlantis there was a great and wonderful Empire, which had rule over the whole island and several others, as well as over parts of the continent; and besides this, they subjected the parts of Libya within the Columns of Heracles as far as Egypt, and of Europe as far as Tyrrhenia. . . . But afterward there occurred violent earthquakes and floods . . . and the island of Atlantis . . . disappeared and was sunk beneath the sea."

DONNELLY's theory is that the "continent that surrounded the true ocean" was in reality the four continents of Europe, Africa, and North and South America; that civilization spread from Atlantis to all these continents; and that after the disappearance of the Island, the old world and the new lost touch with each other. In support of this theory he adduces an impressive array of evidence, showing the amazing similarity which exists between certain archæological remains, legends, customs, and even languages, of the old world and the new. I do not know, as I remarked before, how the archæologist or anthropologist would regard his speculation; but to an amateur like myself it carried enough conviction, at any rate, to make me feel that it was worthy of respectful consideration.

Now, it seems, explorers in the State of Yucatan have unearthed what Donnelly himself would undoubtedly regard as an important addition to the evidence in favour of his thesis. Yucatan is on that peninsula which forms the Southern shore of the Gulf of Mexico. Here flourished,

before the coming of the white man, the highest civilization which the New World has ever produced: the civilization of the Maya Indians. Archæologists have for years been exploring the numerous ruins of this remarkable culture; and now it is reported that they have unearthed a sphinx which differs from the great Egyptian sphinx only in size, being somewhat smaller. If this be true, it would certainly seem to add another link to Donnelly's chain of evidence. The simultaneous existence of two such identical images in two different continents separated by a wide ocean, and each ignorant of the other's existence, would be very difficult to explain on the theory of independent development; as difficult, indeed, as that other problem which Donnelly adduces, of the existence in Central and South America of innumerable pyramids, similar to those in Egypt and like them having their sides square to the four cardinal points of the compass.

WHEN one stops to think of it, there is really a most decided growth of popular interest in archæological explorations. During the winter I went to a lecture by Count de Prorok, on the excavations at Carthage; and I found myself one of an audience which quite overflowed the lecture-hall and showed a lively interest in the lecture and in the pictures with which it was illustrated. Of course Lord Carnarvon's most unusual find in Egypt has done a great deal to stimulate popular interest in such excavations; but I think the real reason for it goes deeper than that. I have a theory that this curiosity is an outlet for the natural human desire for adventure. Mankind has always been eagerly interested in strange lands and peoples. May not this spirit have something to do with the growth of popular interest in archæology? There are no more new lands to be discovered, but there are the old ones to be rediscovered; and can there be anything more exhilarating to the imagination than the search among the ruins of buried civilizations for the record of their development, the key to their spirit? Next to consideration of what the world might become, I can imagine nothing more interesting than the discovery of what it has been; and in this direction amazing strides, it seems to me, are being made in our own times.

JOURNEYMAN.

POETRY.

"THE HOUSE OF CORADINE."

(In Memoriam W. H. Hudson.)

Huge green glass columns that uphold the roof
Rise from the alabaster floors;
Salt spray and wind and white-winged sea-birds beat
Through the vast windows and the open doors.

The low tide shows wide sweeps of yellow sand
Where storm-vexed billows flower in foam;
One hears the plover's and the gull's wild cry
And voices of the winds that have no home.

The shores unsheltered make a wilderness
All round the terraces and towers,
Where thorns and thistles and sere tufts of grass
Embroider the bare soil in place of flowers.

But when the moon is full, an elfin throng
Plays through the vaulted moonlit halls;
All garmented in gossamer they weave
With song and dance melodious rituals.

Thee Nature made of wind and wave and wings!
Now dead thou art returned to her,
To the strange palace by the desolate sea
Of Coradine, O rapt interpreter!

FREDERICK PETERSON.

THE NECESSITY OF THE USELESS.

WASTE is a simple word, and every practical man is sure that he knows what it means; yet if he is put to a test, it will usually be found that in his view the term applies only to methods of production and the utilization of visible objects, time, or energy. Even in the case of time and energy, waste is conceived of only as consumption without material gain. An architect, for example, designs a building which shall occupy only a part of the plot on which it stands, and shall rise to only a moderate height. The practical man views it and cries, "So much space wasted!" The critic views it, and cries "What economy! Not a foot of land or a stone of structure used, that was not essential to the expression of the artistic conception!" An author writes one book in three years, and the practical man cries, "He wastes! He should write three books in that time." Another author writes one book a year for three years, and the critic declares, "He wastes his talents on best-sellers. If he would write less, he would be worth more." Is the critic right, or is the practical man right? Each is, from his point of view, but we must judge the relative value of the points of view. If we wish really to eliminate waste, we must determine what it is that we really want to save.

Efficiency, as we understand and practise it, has a hideous and horrible effect upon life; yet it would not if the test of efficiency were applied with consistency. Suppose we apply it not merely to man's work as a factor in production, but to the fullness of his living—his thinking, his imagining, his creating, his play—how the significance of the test will change, though it will still be concerned with but the one thing, the elimination of waste. It may be said that it would be impossible to discover waste in a man's thinking, but this is not so. It might not be practical to have efficiency-engineers in thinking, and certainly not advantageous to have a governmental bureau of thought; but it would be practical and highly advantageous to create in men a habit of checking up themselves and others by a technique that is quite easily learned and applied. In examining production, we scrutinize the methods, instruments, and materials used; so in reasoning we may scrutinize the truth and relevance of premises and of evidence, and the relation of conclusions to both.

The proper weighing of evidence and the testing of premises take time, so hasty reasoning is common; and it is not appreciated that to give inadequate time to the settlement of a problem is to waste all the time spent upon it, since it must be gone over again entirely. People do not realize that to argue from demonstrated fatuities, such as the utterances of politicians or the editorials of the daily papers, is to argue foolishly. In art, short cuts to creation are futile. They exemplify the truth of the old saying, "The short cut is the longest way round." In things of art, waste comes from the failure to see true beauty and to see it all, to conceive all the aspects of a character in a novel, to seize upon and measure all the elements of power in a dramatic theme.

The present application of efficiency to literary and artistic work puts all the emphasis upon quantitative production, as in industry. Men are judged by the abundance rather than by the merit of what they do. Mere repetition of performance gains a prominence which, in an age dominated by the utilitarian ideal, is mistaken for eminence. So common is this that men even justify the confusion, and preach a doctrine that sets forth the practical identity of prominence and eminence. For instance, the remark is made in defence

of American education that, since we are spreading education over so large a number, it must necessarily be thin. Why? This assumes that education consists in the distribution of a fixed number of bundles of information, and that if the number of recipients increases, the size of the bundles must decrease. Surely education is something entirely different from that. Nevertheless, the validity of the assumption upon which this defence of American education rests is not questioned, and upon such an assumption our theory is based.

The result is that instead of being an opening of vistas and an excitement of curiosity to explore them, education has sunk to a system of superintending tasks and demanding documentary evidence of work done. The public no longer troubles itself about the light that our institutions afford, but simply looks to the cost per student-hour in its relation to the number of diplomas awarded. This passes for a distribution of the greatest good to the greatest number at the least sacrifice by the entire number. The university multiplies its courses and degrees, and is heralded as scattering blessings among the whole populace, when it is really robbing all of its degrees of definite meaning, and paralysing its students' powers of concentration. The practical men of to-day have inspired the people with an adoration of what is called useful, and our universities are run on the factory-principle. By doing their work (the conferring of degrees) at a minimum cost per student-hour, they are believed to be returning the largest dividend upon the investment in plant and faculty. The result is, or should be, obvious to all.

By our foolish stress upon utility, we have been putting a strait-jacket on ourselves, and the inevitable consequence has been rebellion. The world to-day is in a state of universal unrest, and the hysterics that accompany revolt are largely outbursts of ecstasy over a moment of real or imagined freedom, over the liberty of living rather than simply of striving to make a living. Revolution is always attended with a waste of material wealth, and an immense amount of futility; but by those in revolt, this waste, this futility, is seen as revenge upon the hard utilities that have kept them in chains.

What then is the true spiritual approach to freedom, and how are we to set forth upon it? By reconsidering and altering our conception of the useless. We have acquired an utterly false conception of it, and we must begin all over and learn something about it. The first thing to learn is that the useless is not merely desirable but primal. Only secondary things are useful; because, by definition, the useful is that which aids in the creation or acquisition of something else. It is only a means to an end. We have been guilty of the blunder of thinking the useless identical with the valueless, because in a commercial age we think of exchange-value as the only value. We fancy that the useless is below use, and forget that it may also be above use. The noblest things of life have no use, because they are ends in themselves. Of what use are the sculptures from the pediment of the Parthenon, the frescoes of Michelangelo or Leonardo da Vinci, the "Ode to the West Wind," or the Ninth Symphony? Yet their uselessness does not deprive them of value. To mention these and comment upon them may seem like citing an extreme case; but our error is extreme. Life is no self-righting boat; so when a given scheme of things capsizes it will not come back to its former position automatically. This is a matter of terror to the tories and to the timid; but to those who see the barnacles that have been hinder-

ing our progress, it should be a source of hope. This is the day for those who would rectify the blunders of the nineteenth century. Now is the time to scrape off the barnacles; but one must not think he has done it when he has washed off a little mud. To avoid such an error, we must examine all that has grown out of our worship of utility. The stringent utilitarian doctrine has not merely emptied churches; it has deadened the religious sense. It has effaced all transcendentalism, and discouraged all attempt to find any release from the sheer industrial task. Along with it, if not indeed out of it, has come the pragmatic fallacy that whatever works is right, regardless of the fact that its working may be only what Epictetus calls an "appearance." Certain drugs work in the sense that they relieve pain; but they poison life. Whatever works must be watched. We must know how it works, how long it will work, upon what its working depends, and what will be the total result of its working.

The Gospel according to Utility has paralysed man before his own creations. Man to-day finds it difficult to give a complete and rounded picture of human life, and still more difficult to find an appreciative public for it. He can put the earth he tills and the corn he grows, into imaginative literature: but he can not put machinery into it; and this is not merely because the earth and the bounty thereof, being regarded as of divine origin, have the emotional appeal necessary for poetry. It is because he sees in machinery an inanimate thing that he himself has created, but which has greater utility than he, and which, therefore, according to the accepted gospel, is greater than he. Nor is this all. He sees this machinery turning upon him and shaping him in its likeness, just as man has been said to have patterned his Creator after his likeness. Worst of all, he sees machinery reducing those who must run it to the image of a "hairy ape." All these observations have created an endless turmoil of contradictory emotions—contempt and fear, antagonism and hopelessness. From this there is only one way of release, and it is by the reduction of our worship of utility to a merely rational regard, and the increase of our esteem for the other elements of life.

Such a revaluation will work a revolution. We have been worrying too much over the methods of doing things, and too little over the objectives of our doing. Diplomacy is an example. So many books and articles have been written against the old diplomacy, which somehow seems for ever new, that he who would provoke enthusiasm for a crusade against the continuance of the regime would find an utterly jaded public; and he who would arrogate to himself the ability to add to the list of abusive epithets already piled upon the stereotyped ambassador, who is merely the pathetic victim of a vicious system, would indeed be over-presumptuous. Yet there is much to be said on the subject because few have fathomed the real source of the trouble.

The indictment most frequently brought against diplomacy is its secrecy; but the fact is that the secrecy is not a cause, but a result. The actual cause lies in our conception of the nature of international intercourse, and of the reasons for sending an ambassador. He is sent, presumably, to one country to look after the interests of another. But what interests? Let anybody glance over the matters that consume the attention of any embassy, and he will see that they are almost exclusively economic and political; and they are for the most part arrangements to preserve a given economic order and the economic privileges of a certain group in that order. Whether

the order be right or wrong, or whether the privileges be proper or improper, makes relatively small difference. Whether, however, we accept the economic and political activities of man as the whole of life, makes a great difference. It is here that the fundamental defect of the old diplomacy lies; it is a vital part of a false conception of life.

If we are to have the wonderful new age for which the world's progressive spirits are praying, we must come to a realization of the number of activities that go to make a complete life. We must understand what culture is, and appreciate its importance in the intercourse of peoples. Each nation must become as attentive to its culture as it now is to the output of its factories; as much concerned over the regard paid to that culture by other nations, as it now is over the rate of exchange. This does not mean that the factory must shut down and leave us to wrap ourselves in ideas, while the thermometer is at zero; or that the bakery must close, and leave the workman to feed on thoughts. It does mean that more than cloth must protect man against the chilling east winds of life, and that man must take more than food if he is to be truly nourished. Out of this new conception of national life, there will inevitably come a new kind of intercourse and a new diplomacy.

This, then, is the nature of the intercourse to be desired between nations. This is the work for the new ambassador. Long ago we perfected our selling departments and our buying departments in trading concerns. We have trained the one to find those places that have not and demand; the other to find those concerns that produce and offer. Our ambassadors have arranged treaties or understandings so that these men can go from country to country, finding markets, or finding producers who sell cheap. Our new ambassadors must do the equivalent for culture. If every nation develops a culture of its own, and feels that it has an obligation to contribute something towards the world's store, and to appreciate and benefit by the contributions of other nations, then the matters pertaining to culture will take in the duties of the new ambassador a place at least as important as that of matters economic and political.

The answer of stern realists will probably be that what is here proposed is pretty but of small avail; that it is another counsel of perfection. It will be said that the enjoyment of culture in its true sense is always the occupation of leisure hours, and that our first task is to acquire leisure. No sane man can object to this; but those who truly wish to work for it will want to know how. To say that the end can be attained by the elimination of privilege is a little vague, and the enumeration of steps necessary to such an achievement does not clarify matters. When all is said, there remains Ibsen's remark that it is futile to attempt to change conditions until a people's way of thinking is changed. The fact that peoples with the power to destroy monopoly have not awakened to the curse of monopoly, is due to their foggy thinking; and if they are to be awakened, their way of thinking must be reformed. Such a reform is here proposed. Hope of success may seem like the idlest, even if the fairest of dreams; but that is because of our present attitude towards life. "The ideal life of man," said George Sand, "is but his normal life as he shall one day come to know it." The realization of the dream depends upon our getting an entirely new attitude towards life, a new sense of values. It depends upon our understanding of the necessity of the useless.

JOSEPH L. TYNAN.

SECOND-HAND SATIRE.

It has been suggested in more than one quarter that the unquiet airs at present breathing upon our planet are of a nature particularly propitious to the genius of satire, and some surprise has been expressed that, in a time so out of joint, no great satiric writer has appeared—not, indeed, to set it right, but to give us at least a more acute diagnosis of our manifest disorders than any we have so far been able to make for ourselves. This does seem a lack to be regretted, and one is led to look about for some means of making good the deficiency. It might be advanced that since our muddling gives no direct promise of cessation, there may still be time for the maturing of any embryo satiric talent now among us which is supposed to thrive in such an atmosphere; but as an immediate expedient it can do no harm to look back at the muddlings of other ages, more fortunate than ours in that their Popes and Juvenals stood ready to hand to probe and to dissect and to embalm for ever the vices and the follies which infected and no doubt enlivened them. Such a course has several advantages. There is, for instance, no better way in the world to learn what history is really capable of in the matter of repetition. It seems sometimes that the human spirit, which makes such glorious returns upon itself in the slow progress of its ideals and aspirations, is inclined to employ for its mistakes and absurdities a photostatic process which precludes the idea of progress altogether, and one soon comes to the conclusion that it needs but the scantiest alteration to enable us to wear the satire fashioned for other times and manners as if it had been cut and measured for our own.

It can hardly be claimed for satirical literature that it has done much towards improving the race as a whole, since its earliest utterances are still thus fairly applicable to our latest shortcomings; but its effect upon the individual has always been a curiously stimulating one. There are few forms of literary expression where the *rapport* between writer and reader is so quickly established, or the actual temper in which the words were penned so perfectly communicated. Disappointment, bitterness and scorn show up at times like scars upon the paper itself; but quite as penetrating is a form of satire which is fed from no subjective passion, which endeavours rather to avoid all personal intensity as an infringement of the canons of its delicate art.

Giuseppe Giusti was a master of this latter style and one who must necessarily be too little known, except by bare reputation, outside of Italy. The translator who would seriously undertake the re-creation of those idiomatic flashes by means of which Giusti revealed rather than expressed his ideas, would be indeed the hardiest of a hardy brotherhood—or else German; and even after one has learned Italian there still remains the task of learning Giusti; so thickly woven into the entire fabric of his work are the colloquialisms and the Tuscanisms which it was his hobby to collect and with which he delighted to experiment. To the exasperated student, these frequent lapses seem at first like so many perforations in the sense, but to his Florentine audience they were no doubt the very plums in the pudding; and even one who is neither Tuscan nor Italian must in the end succumb to the charm of his picturesque and gay locutions. Fortunately, too, the editors of Giusti's works have provided ample notes to facilitate the reader's understanding and appreciation of a poetry which is unique in its century, and letters which are surely among the most delightful in any language.

Giusti was born in 1809, and his young manhood fell at a period in his country's history that was rich indeed in those "violent discrepancies" which are supposed to be

the chosen circumstance of the satiric muse. There was adventure of every sort, both material and ideal, for the "sacred battalions" of youth who participated in young Italy's awakening; and the pen was at least as dangerous as the sword for one who undertook to use it against the established order of things. For years Giusti's poems were circulated in manuscript among his admirers, and had already won a large and enthusiastic public before their actual publication was attempted. This, while it must have been a trial to their author in some ways, gave him the advantage of being able to recall and alter, or even suppress entirely such poems as the development of events or the maturing of his own artistic powers seemed to render unfit or unworthy. One can but regret that along with the indiscretions must have gone many self-revealing passages. The protecting veil of irony through which his sensitive soul persistently regarded public events, many of which must otherwise have roused it to passion or to pain, was scrupulously extended to his more personal emotions; and it is only through laughter that we sometimes guess at tears. That there was ample occasion for them in his short life, his biographers make plain. But who would not envy him his joys! To write poetry which had no need to wait for publisher or reviewer, but was caught up warm and living to the lips and hearts of a people—surely, like Béranger, he could afford to be indifferent to many weightier things.

Although Giusti's satirical themes are, for the most part, classical in character, there is much in the jingle and swing of his versification that suggests Béranger; without this popular musical quality his poems could hardly have had their spontaneous vogue. Some of them indeed are hardly more than bright bits of doggerel; the kind that blows everywhere, catches everywhere and refuses to be dislodged. "Signor Consigliere," he chants to a new Reform minister—

*Signor Consigliere,
Ci faccia il piacere
Di dire al Padrone
Che il mondo ha ragione
Di andar come va,*

The sensational "Gingillino," directed with such highly serious intent against the hypocrisy and corruption of certain Government officials, divides its epic measures with such sing-song as this:

*Tibe quoque, tibi quoque
E concessa facoltà
Di poter in jure utoque
Gingillar l'umanità—etc.*

Popular music is also the poem, "A San Giovanni," in which that saint is congratulated upon the prestige ensured him by the Florentine mint in leaving him "sitting on the *ruspone*"—the gold florin whose device was on one side the lily of the city and on the other the seated figure of her patron saint:

*In grazia della zecca fiorentina
Che vi pianta a sedere in un ruspone,
O San Giovanni, ogni fedel minchione
A voi s'inchina.*

But there are others of the "*soliti scherzi*" whose poetic value almost overshadows their pungent intention. "Lo Stivale" (The Boot) might be classed as one of these, so charmingly is its brilliant symbolism caught up into the beauty of the verses; but it would be a pity to forget the actual conditions which inspired it, and that it rang like a *réveillé* from one to another of the still sleeping Provinces. It is really a consummate piece of cleverness, which, starting with the geographical configuration of Italy, manages somehow to get her past glories, her imme-

diate difficulties and her dawning hopes all into the metaphor without once straining or overtaxing it.

Giusti's fame as a poet does not rest entirely upon his satirical pieces. He was a persistent student of classical literature, a passionate admirer of Dante, and among his poems there are several whose lyric beauty and formal excellence would have ensured his position as one of the distinguished writers of his time even had he never developed his especial and astonishing gift of putting things "*alla berlina*." His celebrated "Sant' Ambrogio" occupies a somewhat precarious place midway between the sentimental and the provocative, there maintaining an artistic balance which is rare and difficult indeed—though it was easy to Giusti—and which still seems to his admirers almost without a parallel in literature. Those of them who have been fortunate enough to recall this particular poem in the midst of late cloudy events, must feel a new gratitude to its author; so fair a light does it shed on certain doubts and discrepancies that have invaded our national sentiments and confused our æsthetic outlook. Questions of humanity and patriotism, of art and taste and politics, show during most intervals of popular unrest a trying disposition to invade each other's territory, and one must always be glad of any utterance that will help fix the boundaries again.

This poem is addressed to some impersonal *Eccellenza*—some Italian holding office in the interest of the Austrian Government—and makes a delightful pretence of apology on the poet's part for certain anti-Austrian sentiments too openly expressed. He would like to give an account, he says, of a curious experience he has just undergone while attending mass in the old church of Sant' Ambrogio di Milano—"quello vecchio, fuori di mano." Unfortunately, his Excellency can not be expected to be very quick about grasping matters of æsthetic import—

*il suo cervel, Dio lo riposi,
In tutt'altre faccende affaccendato,
A questa roba è morto e sotterrato—*

but Giusti will make an effort to be as intelligible as possible. On entering the church, then, he was surprised and disgusted to find it packed with Austrian soldiers (the time was not long before the Cinque Giorni, the reader should remember), "planted there like poles in that vineyard"; stiff and straight before the Lord as before a general—

*Co' baffi di capecchio e con quei musi,
Davanti a Dio diritti come fusi.*

With his unruly sentiments no Excellency representing the existing order could be expected to sympathize—"in grazia dell'impiego"—but he must confess that he shrank back out of pure aversion to the antipathetic herd who had invaded that "*bella casa del Signore*." Even the candles on the high altar seemed to smell of them! However—

Just as the priest moved forward to prepare
The table of the mystic sacrament,
A sudden sweetness broke through that close air;—
A sound like trumpets from the battle lent
To breathe a soul's petition, and declare
The sorrows of a people who lament
For weariness of unfamiliar ways
And weep, remembering them of happier days.

The Austrian military band was playing one of Verdi's magnificent choruses:

*il coro a Dio
Là de' Lombardi miseri assetati;
Quello: O Signore dal tetto natio,
Che tanti petti ha scossi e inebriati.*

Here, says Giusti, he began to be no more himself. Almost before he knew it he was in the midst of that exotic congregation—"come fosse gente della nostra gente."

What would you, Excellence? The piece was ours;
And good; and played as one would have it played;
And when it comes to art, and when one's powers
Are given that way, why art must be obeyed.
The man you knew me in those other hours
I was no longer while that music made
Such beauty round me. Then a stranger thing
Occurred, for bless you they began to sing.

One of their German hymns it was, and slow
And slower yet it moved its wings toward God;
If it were praise or prayer I hardly know,
But sweet! And there those rigid figures stood,
And all that melody that moved me so
Rose from a regiment hacked out of wood.
Even now, remembering it, I can not see
How those poor devils knew all that harmony.

It had the pathos of some old refrain
We learn in childhood from the lips of love,
Which sorrow's voice remembers, and which pain
Repeats for ever. Far-off dreams that move
Out of old distances drew near again,
And the old peace descended from above;
And life's long exile and its fears grew dim
And home came back to me upon that hymn. . . .

With the tenderness of personal association came also a variety of novel and compassionate impulses toward that rough soldiery, uprooted as they were from the familiar things that made life good and planted there in the midst of a population that could wish them only evil. Strange commotion to arise in the breast of an Italian patriot; stranger cadences to fall from Giusti's mocking muse. One hardly sees how he is to extricate himself from sentiments so unusual. He does it precipitously enough by bolting from the church; thus bringing both his predicament and his poem to a characteristic end—and incidentally escaping from his impulse to embrace one of the corporals—

*Con sua brava mazza di nocciuolo,
Duro e piantato lì come un piuolo!*

ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

SHE was telling me a story about a small town, a town, if I remember rightly, in the Mississippi valley, the heart of American civilization. By "heart" she evidently meant "centre" and by "civilization," "territory"; the story was about a small town in the middle of the United States. Now this town, it appears, was getting along very well indeed; there were beautiful sunsets, and it prospered. To be sure, hints were dropped now and then by outside observers that the sunsets went begging, but nobody could gainsay the prosperity. It dripped fatness; it teemed. Things have always teemed in the Middle West; elsewhere too, but not so goldenly. Let your mind once ruminate upon the long furrow, soil, sweat, pasture, waving corn, threshing, the great distance, horizons, sunsets, and you have a faint inkling of what it is to teem.

Yet, as she was saying, there was a skeleton in the fatness; a dark tragedy hung over this town—it was hideously remote: as the Maine villager said of Boston, it was "fur away." There were many automobiles in the neighbourhood; the roads thereabout were excellent; and a metropolis sent up its spires a few leagues off: yet this town in the very heart of the Middle West was, like so

many of its fellows, far, far away; it almost seemed as if the struggles that civilization had gone through during the centuries were reduced to ironic laughter in this nearby, remote town.

"Why, this is a story of the golden age," I interrupted. She signed to me to listen.

The inhabitants of this town were very normal and active; they were neighbourly, in robust health; and—they were sound asleep. Not, as Rip van Winkle, did they wander off, dream for twenty years, and then stroll back in astonishment. No, like wise horses, they slept standing. Eagerly did they go about their business; loquacious was their talk; many, indeed, were the topics that they discussed, and their vocabulary was fairly wide: yet, for all that, their mental lethargy was profound, so deep that no plummet could have fathomed it. They had whirling minds, like dervishes; capering, dancing, never resting, breaking like jinns into grotesque phantoms: their minds, indeed, were only appearances; thoughts sped through them like swallows in a haymow—a zigzag dart, a faint twitter, and no returning.

"I still think you are talking about the golden age," I broke in. "Allow me, if you please, to take up the narrative."

These people were productive, and their children were like the children of monarchs. They played the games that kings' children play, and they did many things that do not fall to the lot of the high-born. There were swift excursions down by the swimming-hole; there were cookie-stealings, rambles, exploring, piratic mysteries, sea-ventures, vigils, massacres, bare-back deviltry—all sorts of wholesome deviltry. The world loved these children, and she crammed them full of marvels; she poured her riches upon them during the day, and at night she waited impatiently beside them. So they followed her beckoning, and with her created, not the realm their parents sought, but something actual, more wonderful and true.

"How inevitably you know the plot," she said. "Perhaps you have heard it before; or perhaps—you have something on your mind. Well, I must go now; just let me complete the setting."

As time went on, other presences, sinister, foreboding, tarried by these children; presences with hands that clutched. Convention, pale, pitiless convention, moved its sly fingers about their throats; and before they had emerged from their later youth, she had torn them away from their bright visions, wrenched them from their dreaming, plucked out their eyes, stamped upon their feelings; and thereafter her hold was never relaxed. Many things conspired in her favour; beauty had fled this satisfied town, and ugliness was squatting in its midst. The children passed down friendless, unshaded streets; they looked upon garish, deformed houses; the rooms they entered were furnished in grim unhomelikeness; and the minds of the people that ruled there followed stupid, dogmatic, dingy thoughts. So long had they worshipped at the shrine of prosperity that they were quite remote and dead, and the children, too, lost their memory and brought gifts to the common altar. So the world with her riches forsook them; their lives became stolid, immediate and short.

"Is this what you call the long golden age?" she asked, as she left me.

"If thou thinkest fit, Sancho," said the knight, "we will turn shepherds; we will walk up and down the hills, through woods and pastures, drinking the liquid crystal of the fountains, sometimes out of the clear springs, and then out of the swift-running rivers. The oaks shall afford us plentifully of the most sweet fruit; the willows shall yield us shade, the roses their perfume, and the wide meadows carpets of a thousand flourished colours:

the air shall give us a free and pure breath; our songs shall furnish us delight."

Two children, I reflected, caught in their early youth; two adventurers, impelled, they knew not why, towards battles; restless comrades, seeking trouble in the name of peace, playing for an hour with an Eldorado, western, remote. That, indeed, appears to be the habit of people too furious to be anything but young; they trick themselves in the garments of a tranquillity they can never know.

Yet, if the story she told me was true, there must be two golden ages, one for the young, the other for patriarchs; one of visions, another of dreams: in the latter they eat lotus and rest; in the former they gather acorns and tend sheep. But the age of these two peoples has surely nothing to do with their years; it is a matter purely of spiritual langour, either momentary or lasting. This lethargy may come upon them soon or late; it may seize them in their youth and continue until death, or it may lay hold of them in their old age and withdraw speedily: it is the difference between the effect of lotus and acorns, rest and shepherding. But another condition of these peoples is that nobody is quite ready to acknowledge them, either the one or the other; that is, nobody is willing to maintain that he has found them in the world of fact. Men hunt for them assiduously, but they are always in the upland over the ridge—they are always on the leaves of books. Therefore they are symbolic people, quite out of the real world of illusion but in the actual realm of thought. That is why it is certain that they exist.

Both of these ages are marked by a long tradition; they go as far back, at least, as when literature first made life worth while; and that beginning is not known. The names, to be sure, are more recent. Yet there has come about, especially in contemporary management, a great confusion. Many writers have forgotten or are neglecting the golden age of youth, the perennial, and are devoting themselves entirely to this other, the infirm, the insidious; the fat has disappeared in the maw of the lean, and leanness prevails. Would it be possible, I wonder, to carve these two ages away from one another, and explore them in their singularity? If such an attempt were made, it should be done humbly, without purpose—nothing can come of it. Though the golden age of youth is, perhaps, simple enough, the same can not be said of the other. Its dreams pass through, as the bard says, the portals of sawn ivory; they are deceitful and bear tidings that are unfulfilled. Who, indeed, are the lotus eaters?

Why, they are those who have forgotten and no longer care; they dwell in a land where all things seem always the same; it is the island-home of repression, decorum, convention. They mumble to one another, "Amuse us in our own way, for we are very weary." Their fatigue is mental stupor, for instead of seeking to enjoy what is really best, they enjoy best what habit has accustomed them to. They have lost their youth and forfeited their experience in a round of sameness, liking what every one likes, doing what every one does, clapping noise listlessly and cheering confusion. What they want is not life but a day-dream, not reality but gross and frank delusion; from religion, from art, they do not demand an interpretation but a substitute, a reverie within a reverie of a shore they are too faint to seek. They are like statues, for ever casting their bronzen eyes upon an eternity of marble busts. They desire and rest.

But their lethargy and their remoteness are, I must again insist, spiritual. Physically, they possess a superb energy, and are always in the midst of things. No society is more highly organized; organization is with them a watchword; it is, indeed, their synonym for joy. They

are a hustling, advertising society; they placard every move they make, and, like worms in a bait-box, they are moving constantly. They are not, perhaps, inventive, yet they are disciples of invention; victrolas and the radio enhance their sleep.

It is, beyond question, a business-people; not more so than others—they originate nothing—yet the so-called business point of view has captured them completely. Thus, although they are very religious, these two activities are to them in reality one and the same thing; business is a religion and religion is a business—they worship at the shrine of Numbers. The peculiar distinction of this god beyond all other gods is his splendid immanence; he makes life simple and gives it a drastic unity. He is fond of jazz and revivals, and combines them perfectly; no two things could be more sensitive to advertising and organization, a swelling of numbers. Thus, while his worshippers are lifting up their hands to him, they may still chew gum, ponder effects, and sleep—a religious sleep, sound and fat, far less perturbed even than the corporeal sleep of the just.

The lotus eaters adore art; they can not dream without it; it is in the field of art, indeed, that they have made their greatest and most dormant discovery. For if all things are always the same, business, religion, art, move deftly under a like organization—so prophesies their god. While they recline, eating the honey-sweet fruit of the lotus, one says to another, "I have a dream of art, and I perceive that it must always be doing good." A lethargic cry arises among them for art that does good, art with a purpose, moral art; and their masters take up the burden and announce, "Lo, now, our art must be measured by the amount of good it does; it is one with religion"—sweet and soothing words to the lotus eaters; a satisfying, antique discovery. This people, as I have urged, though mentally adream, are physically much given to thought. Of the movies they demand "strong" plays and moral plays, and though strong plays may not actually be moral, the words are used altogether in a lotus-eating, material sense. It is a pleasure to speak of a strong thing, a thing you like, as a moral thing; for then you know that it must be doing you or your neighbour good, and that is the main object of a movie—which is education, which is art. Some of their laureates are prone to be ladylike, fairly roguish; they venture upon the thin ice of outrage. Yet they never break through; their intent is steadfast. It is such a tickling joy to feign a revolt from convention—and the inevitable return. Even music is purposeful; sermons are in everything.

It must be apparent by this time that the lotus eaters are a serious community, serious and hopeful; they cherish their dreams and garnish them with reflection—always optimistically. They desire an improved society, but naturally are careless with the words they use; how could it be otherwise in a fellowship in which nearly all their words are synonyms? This, again, makes towards conformity. Their attitude towards the word "business," though this word underlies all their ponderings, is like that of the Jews towards "Jahveh"—unnamed. There are secular words that take its place; one of the most solvent and beguiling is "education." Of education they appear to demand little, yet that little is much—one must emerge from it more highly organized than when one enters; the favoured study, therefore, is arithmetic—one must be able to number. The best counters are, of course, those highest up—their college presidents. The deans come next, then the professors, then the students; it is all in the cause of the organized huge perpetuation of a huge perpetual organization—fraternities, athletics, the unnamed, politics, "service"—one, a great unity. And that, as I take it, is the society of the lotus eaters.

Why should one be at pains to describe this brotherhood, to write long books about it? For pleasure, of course. Why should one find pleasure in it? Because one knows and loves that sort of thing. There are, to be sure, escapes from it, even if one loves it—one may love other things better. About these other loves, however, the writer need not bother himself; they are beyond his control; they will unveil themselves whether he wills it or not. The lotus-eating dream of art is deceitful and bears false tidings. For art is an image of personality, and is in its essence, therefore, without purpose. One may make comedy of the lotus eaters, or may treat them with a savage indignation, or may reveal them as episodic in a larger world; but if one writes page after page about them, chapter after chapter, without unconsciously disclosing that he has another love, then that writer is a lotus eater; no protest he may lodge can make him anything else. That is a law of the game of art.

There have been of late years a good many books devoted exclusively to lotus eaters; this tribe has suffered a literary recrudescence. It well might. Yet a distressing psychology is involved; that is, there is no such place, be it central, western or remote. This people has its home on a fictitious island, entirely in the realm of spirit. No real town that one can possibly pick out contains nothing but lotus eaters. They mingle and traffic everywhere, but their actual abode is in the mind of the describer. Greater loves nourish discoveries, and that dismal heart of American civilization is open to rare adventures.

"A little well ordered city on a rock is better than frenzied Nineveh." Suppose we disregard Nineveh, that sprawling, barbaric metropolis of the western Orient; it has already been fairly described. It disappeared in good time, as all such regions disappear; its people wandered, and there sprang up in its place another city, not little or on a rock, but curiously well ordered, in that a visionary ruler, Haroun al-Raschid by name, gave it permanence—none other than the golden age of youth.

Now the only resemblance between this second age and the former is that both are nonexistent; that is, they are vivid only in the actuality of thought. But here their likeness stops. We can not maintain, to be sure, a fixed separation of these peoples, for neither weariness nor rapture is always constant. A lotus eater may slough his langour—a voice may have whispered to him—and an ecstatic youth may fall to the bedevilment of dreaming; but such derangements are almost miraculous. There is commonly an initial urge or a tradition which predestines people to take on the customs of the one age or the other.

The citizens of the real golden age are at once naïve and worldly. Their attitude towards life is that it is very rich; it abounds in such mines of wealth that they become aflame—they can not speak in any measure about it. Thus in their scant leisure moments they say foolish things; they babble freely. They superimpose a visionary world upon the one which they know in their hearts is inexhaustible; yet the weaving of these two together brings them health and wisdom. They are far less sincere than the lotus eaters; their armour of triple brass is their simplicity. Their visions, therefore, go forth through the gates of polished horn and bring a true issue, "whoever of mortals beholds them."

The chief distinction between them and the lotus eaters is, perhaps, that they do not abide in the land of their illusions—they merely play in it; their feet are planted firmly upon the earth—they are undeceived. Yet their journeys back and forth to the playground make the playground itself permanent; they bring fresh visions to life, and come to know the whole of it. Their habits have taught them to search; of surprise, of contradiction,

they are unafraid. Their only thought is truth; without preoccupation they uncover the profoundest secrets—they move to the strains of celestial harmonies. When their masters look upon a town, central or remote, they see it as it is. "I see two cities," says their poet; "in the one are mingled Strife and Tumult and fell Death, the raiment on her shoulders red with blood; in the other city are espousals and marriage-feasts, young men whirling in the dance, and women standing each at her door marveling." These two are a single city. The most desolate tract of the mid-west, where the hours are made hideous by monotony, is, to their insight, lapped in magic seas.

What wonder, therefore, that they disport in folly! "I would," says one, "execute in my commonwealth all things by contraries; no kind of traffic would I admit; no name of magistrate; no use of metal, corn or wine or oil; no occupation; all men idle." "No palace-chambers," says another, "no halls; my people would sleep in caves and woods on grass or leaves in perfect quiet; they would eat acorns and drink water of the cold well." Then they laugh at one another that they should be thus beguiled. Such fantasies! a mere respite from their labours, a purging of their eyes, a clearing of the minds, mewing their mighty youth. They abhor the infirm and those that sleep. One of them caught a brace of lotus eaters once; he dragged them beneath the benches of his ship and bound them there fast. "Come, my mariners," he shouted, "push off; the day droops; there is discovery in the West to-night; to overtake it we must be alive!"

EDWARD A. THURBER.

THE THEATRE.

A PROPHET IN THE HOME TOWN.

IN the old days, Weber and Fields had a skit in which poor little Weber tried in vain to win the favour of his partner. Finally, in despair, he exclaimed, "Vat's the matter mit you? Ven I do anything vot pleases you, you don't like it." I used to be reminded of this not infrequently when Roosevelt was an ex-President; and I am generally reminded of it when some American theatrical producer attempts to put on a play which radically departs from the conventional. Scorned by the dramatic critics because of its low estate, because the European new movements touch it not, our theatre has only to make a genuine attempt at originality, has only to break away from its rut, to be quite as severely scorned as before. When it does anything which pleases the critics, they don't like it. The latest case in point is the production by the Equity Players of an expressionistic drama called "Roger Bloomer," written by a young American, with American characters, and making drama of a theme quite new to our stage and comparatively new to popular discussion.

I was not present on the opening night, but it is quite evident that on that night the production was inexcusably ragged. The play was not ready for the public, and should not have been exhibited, probably, for another week. If that is the case, the critics were entirely justified in their condemnation of the Equity Theatre management. Nevertheless, a critic should be able to distinguish ragged production from the merits of the play itself, and to credit the author with his intentions and the potentialities of his play. I saw "Roger Bloomer" at the third performance, when the shifting of its twenty or more scenes was working smoothly, and the audience was giving it not laughter but steady and curious attention. Far from finding it "cloudy" in intention, as I was led by the critics by expect, I found it clear and moving. It is not always acted as well as it might be; it is sometimes prolix (a

fault which rehearsals should have corrected); and towards the end it drags. But it is a strange, unusual, significant drama, which imitates neither the complicated machinery of the German "Johannes Kreisler" nor the expressionism of "The Hairy Ape," but merely takes the hints which such plays give of a freer art-form, and puts the tortured doubts and desires, rebellions and aspirations of adolescence into a phantasmagoric dramatic form. When one thinks of how adolescence has hitherto been treated on our stage—the comic "Seventeens," the simpering ingenues—and then reflects on what a difficult and sometimes terrible time it is, when fathers do not know their sons, and sons do not know themselves but only know that they are driven on, alone, to find out, and learn, driven by the flesh and by the warring spirit, then "Roger Bloomer" becomes a thing of importance, a defiant protest against all the mossy traditions of our stage. One would think that the critics, who have been trotting home every autumn from Germany and Russia, to tell us what a puerile, Victorian theatre we have, would rise up as one man and hail this new play for what it is; not, of course, excusing the too hasty opening, but pointing out what the play might be. The American theatre, the new, experimental American theatre, is very young. All of us over thirty-five years old can remember plainly when it did not exist at all. Which is worth more to such a theatre—assured professional competence and popular acclaim, or originality, artistic daring, the trial of young wings? To me, at least, the answer which our dramatic critics give to this question is profoundly discouraging.

The stage for "Roger Bloomer" is set a few feet back, with a black curtain, divided to conceal or reveal three or four little scenes on the stage-level, and one larger scene on a second level. There is no machinery at all. Portions of the curtain open first on one scene, then on another, while the rest of the stage is in darkness. Now and then, for variety, the whole space in front is used. The settings are extremely simple. The mere elimination of machinery is a considerable advance over the German "Johannes Kreisler." The play is the thing, not the mechanics. Roger Bloomer himself is a sensitive boy of eighteen, the son of an Iowa small-city Babbitt, a storekeeper. Imagine Babbitt with an adolescent Shelley for a son, and you have, roughly, the theme of this play; save, of course, that Roger is the average sensitive person, not a genius. The girl, who works in his father's store, is more of a realist. She has known hunger; she has few illusions. But she, too, is sensitive. Roger pants for the mystery of love. She has felt love only as sex, and revolts from it. He is hot for life; she has not the strength to meet life. The action sweeps them into the maw of New York City, urged by the restlessness of youth, by a hunger they do not understand, by the revolt of the young against the prudence and advice of the old. There are crashing disillusionings for Roger, and hunger, and despair, and the love of the girl, who finally takes poison both to free Roger that he may seek his own destiny and to escape from the dilemma of sex. In none of the numerous scenes in which this story unfolds, are events to be taken literally. The characters are literally dressed, they speak, often, "in American"; but every event, no less than Roger's nightmare in the final act, indicates a state of soul and is expressionistic. The significance of the scenes lies in their sharp revelation of youth's perplexities and tortures; they are outspoken, arresting and defiant. Roger, jailed for the death of the girl, is in the end released into a blinding white world. It is youth, his

nightmare over, the soul of a woman felt apart from her mere body in his memory, going forth into the new mystery of manhood. The theme is a daring one, and a pregnant one; and Mr. Lawson, the author, has handled it, for a beginning dramatist writing in an experimental technique, with what surely ought to be acknowledged as unexpected success.

T. I. B.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

SEVENTY-FIVE PER CENTERS.

SIRS: Was it not an injustice to coin the phrase "100 per cent American" at a time when so many of them were satisfied with a net profit of from fifty to seventy-five per cent? I am, etc.,

S. L.

THE THREE TAILORS OF TOOLEY STREET.

SIRS: I do not know whether or not New York papers gave publicity to the following statement by M. Trepow, former Premier of Russia, on behalf of the Russian Monarchists' Union, of which he is president. Since, however, the reluctance of the Soviet Government to assume responsibility for certain acts of Governments which preceded it, is one of Secretary Hughes's grounds for refusing to recognize that Government, I assume that American papers would be likely to make as little as possible of this particular item of news. M. Trepow's statement, which appeared in a dispatch from Paris, read, in part, as follows:

"According to reliable reports, the Bolshevik Government is at this moment negotiating with a group of jewellers, mainly British firms, for the sale to them of the Russian crown, sceptre, orb, and other State and private property of a similar character. The Union of Russian monarchists insists on putting on record their formal and indignant protest against this new act of outrage and spoliation. *The real Russia will never recognize in future any claims or rights that may be set up by the aiders and abettors in this infamous bargain against the lawful owners of the Imperial regalia . . .*"

The italics are mine. The dispatch in which this statement is quoted goes on to remark that

"... The significance of the statement quoted from the President of the Monarchists' Union is that in the event of the restoration of the Russian Monarchy in any form the purchasers of the Imperial jewels may find themselves called upon to make restitution as receivers of stolen property."

If this be so, it is to be supposed (or isn't it?) that a new monarchist regime might also repudiate the transactions of M. Kerensky's Government; in which case Mr. Hughes (or his successor) would, I suppose, feel obliged to withhold his recognition from a Government in all other respects eminently satisfactory. I am, etc.,

St. John, New Brunswick.

N. JAMES ALLEN.

MATTHEW: VII, 3.

SIRS: One of the finest examples of our muddle-headed attitude towards the old problem of Church and State is the one afforded by the recent conviction, by a Russian court, of several Roman Catholic priests, and the subsequent commutation of their sentences by the Soviet Government. My own information on the subject comes from the daily papers, and I believe that the rest of the public knows no more about the case than I do. The charges were probably not much different from those on which the Social Revolutionaries were tried, namely: some form of counter-revolution, or, in other words, treason. Personally, I am glad that the sentences were commuted, because I oppose the death penalty; I am a pacifist, a non-resistant, and various other kinds of public nuisance.

What bothers me is the problem why the Association of Reformed Rabbis of New York, and the Catholic Club of New York City, and other organizations should have appealed either directly to Moscow or to Washington; and why Washington, which does not speak to Moscow, because it has not

been properly introduced, should ask our Ambassador at Berlin to make representations to the Russian Ambassador at Berlin. In the interests of the unfortunate prelates, the Reformed Rabbis cabled to Mr. Chicherin "in the name of humanity and mercy"; possibly in the hope of intervention from Rome in case the Rabbis should get in bad for counter-revolutionary activities in America, if the time for such propaganda should ever come. If they and the Catholics were animated by unalloyed humanitarian motives, is it not likely that they would have protested against the conviction of (*circa*) 172 Indians whom the British Government condemned to death on the charge of treason or sedition not very long ago? Have we heard a word from the organized Rabbis, or the well-to-do Catholics, about our political prisoners who are still in jail for an interpretation of the American Constitution with which most Americans in their hearts agree; or about Sacco and Vanzetti, whose case is a palpable miscarriage of our vaunted justice; or about the recent interference with the rights of persons to speak freely at public meetings at Centralia, Washington, and Waterbury, Connecticut?

I commend the occurrence at Waterbury to the special attention of the Reformed Rabbis, because it was for participation in a meeting there a few weeks ago that Rabbi Browne of that city lost his job. When the Catholic Club has taken up the cudgels on behalf of the Catholics, Sacco and Vanzetti, and the Jewish Rabbis have looked after the interests of Rabbi Browne, then these two groups will have endowed themselves with a mandate which Mr. Chicherin must surely give respectful consideration. As matters stand, they need scarcely flatter themselves that the commutation of the sentences pronounced in Moscow was the result of their protests. Anyhow, it is all very funny for these organizations, constituted on religious lines, to be appealing to a Government which has so recently been pilloried for the alleged encouragement of atheistic ideals among school children. I am, etc.,

D. I.

PAINTING.

A GRAND PROVINCIAL.

ONE has only to look through a collection of old photographs in some Western State-house and note the lines of firmness and thought in the rugged faces of the pioneers and builders, to see the type of American of which the supreme example is Lincoln—who differed from the other men of his period in the degree of his idealism and power rather than in the cast of his mind. If one ask oneself whether any writer has evidenced in his work the character to which these men bore witness through their lives, one is made to pause. Whitman, Emerson and Mark Twain have each some of the qualities belonging to that period; and doubtless Whitman would to-day be regarded as its greatest representative. But although the expression of a people of Anglo-Saxon stock might naturally be supposed to come through literature, I believe that it is a painter who, by the quality of his art, with its excellences and its limitations, has given us the truest record of the America of his time. It is through this quality that one may best approach the pictures now on exhibition at the Brummer gallery in New York, and so realize the significance of the work of Thomas Eakins.

In person, the painter was of the type which he represented. His head was massive, his eyes clear and determined; his bronzed skin was that of a man who had faced rough weather, and his strong jaw was only half hidden under the sparse, iron-grey beard. I once observed Mr. Eakins in conversation with his friend William M. Chase, and the contrast between the two was striking. The personal verve and distinction of the brilliant technician were arresting, even as his paintings were conspicuous in the exhibitions of his

time. But the memory of the scene that comes back most vividly to me is that of the heavy figure of the older artist (older by only a few years, yet seeming of another generation), in whose slow, impassive gestures there was something of the depth and dignity of his art.

We have been long in realizing the importance of his work. It lacks the surface-charm of Whistler; it knows nothing of the soft sentiment that Americans like so much in George Inness, though perhaps the day for that is passing. Winslow Homer is of this sterner stuff, and perhaps it is through our growing appreciation of Homer that we are coming to understand the even more searching scrutiny of appearances that occupied the long life of Thomas Eakins. Eakins was a realist, but one must see him as more than that. His observation of men and things; his dissecting of cadavers, human and animal; his study of the natural sciences; his willingness to avail himself of photographs for his work; his patient, impersonal search after character; his severe and salutary work as a teacher; these are the facts about Eakins that until now have most impressed us. But they are not enough to explain the irrepressible rise in esteem that has lifted his work from the neglect that even the great exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum seemed for a time unable to overcome.

Were the qualities touched on above the only ones to be mentioned; were Thomas Eakins merely the sharp-eyed, strong-brained recorder of the physical or even the intellectual characteristics of the people and things he saw (and, in certain pictures, it is true, he does not rise above this level), we should not find him filling the high place which he holds to-day. There is a force in this painter that comes from his embodying—not copying—the character of his country and generation; and such a force finds expression in relations of form and space and light that are not to be accounted for as realism. They are universal and absolute, like the truths of mathematics; they are the abstractions that we know best in music and architecture, but which must underlie the representation of the painter or sculptor if it is to live.

A picture which shows this quality with special clearness is "The Swimming Hole." Disregarding the questions of colour, of the minutiae of naturalism, and of the sense of out-door light—all of which may or may not be in a great picture, and yet have for too long kept us from perceiving what this artist has to offer us—disregarding these questions, there is, above all, the nobility of scale, the emphasis on the lines and masses that build up the work into a thing of large and harmonious proportions. This quality is basic, and it is evidence of Eakins's intuitive understanding of the character of that America of the builders which finds so strong an expression in his art. Just as in a Roman portrait we see the character of the men who could conceive the great empire of that time, who could conceive the arch that traverses space with the invincible sweep of Rome itself, so every picture by Thomas Eakins is instinct with the forces that were sweeping the America of his day.

The admiration of the world of his time for the great thinkers and engineers is again and again celebrated by Thomas Eakins in his work, whether in pictures like "The Gross Clinic" and "The Agnew Clinic," where actual episodes of the life of the scientists and teachers are shown in dramatic fashion, or in portraits of the man whom the artist preferred to characterize as "The Thinker." Always there is the sense of the constructor about this painting; and the

strength of Eakins's art lies in the fullness with which his line follows the urge to mastery—physical or intellectual—of the men who incarnated the essential effort of his period. The youth who stands on the rock at the centre of "The Swimming Hole" is rendered with the energy of a Florentine; and in pose and buoyancy it contains more than a hint of the great "St. Christopher" of Pollaiuolo at the Metropolitan Museum. When one has perceived the quality, at once classical and yet contemporary, of the nude as represented by Thomas Eakins, one is better prepared to appreciate the splendid and dynamic balance attained in the portrait of Professor Leslie Miller. The realism of these pictures is their obvious feature, and has led some people to confuse the painter with those men who lose themselves in the maze of detail; but Eakins has the power to hold great masses in their essential and expressive directions even while painting wrinkles and hair, small reflections and exact textures.

The masculine character of his art concentrates on form as its medium. In the severity of his outlook, he is unconcerned with beauty of colour; while atmosphere and its unifying function, its drawing together of isolated objects into harmonious ensemble, had no interest for this mind that was for ever trying to penetrate to the thing and its meaning, independent of the enveloping air and the glamour of colour. Even in the picture wherein Eakins most successfully essays the rôle of lyricist, the admirable canvas of "Benjamin Rush Carving the Allegorical Figure of the Schuylkill River," one feels that the mystery he imparts to the darkened space of the big studio is exceptional, and that the artist is most himself in making his carefully detailed statement about the central figure, the model. He is in harmony with the spirit of this scene of early American life, with the hint of decorum given by the presence of the chaperone; and he relishes the pre-occupation with earnest work on the part of the three people. How all the literalness and the sobriety enhance the fresh and unexpected charm of the picture!

Critics have at times tried to establish a likeness between Eakins and some of the great French artists of the nineteenth century; but I think the attempt is more misleading than helpful. Eakins has nothing of the classicism of Ingres, the link between Raphael and Renoir. Neither has his realism the quality of Courbet's; for the work of this rough mountaineer of the Jura who seemed in his time to trample underfoot the gracious wisdom of French art, appears to-day only as the expression of an aspect of the genius of his country which had lain dormant. The architecture of Courbet's canvases, their colour—almost as restrained as that of Eakins, but still of the French school—and his instinctive use of design even while labouring at the problems of sight, all mark him as of that country whose ancient culture is never, apparently, to be carried beyond its borders by visitors from other lands. After Albert P. Ryder had drawn the inspiration for his art from the great dreamers and colourists of French Romanticism, he went back to American landscape and to Anglo-Saxon imagery in his imaginative pieces; with all his admirable qualities he would stand apart in a French museum. So also to-day, while we feel so confident that the work of Maurice B. Prendergast will bear comparison with the best of French painting after the Impressionists, we know that its roots are in our soil even if French sunlight brought it to maturity.

It was to the school-teachers of French art that Thomas Eakins addressed himself, and then only for

his technical training. Yet even though he continued their method without radical change, one feels that he is incomparably farther removed from the lifeless academism of the followers of Gerôme and Bonnat than he is from the other line of French artists who preserve the country's record of vital production. In reality, it is with neither group that we should identify him. The virtues of his works, as I have tried to show, are those of the life typified in his art, and the defects of the unsuccessful pictures are American defects. At times not even the powerful will of the man could lift him above the poverty and bleakness that are part of the American scene; and his painting is touched by the chill of it. At other times he seems to speculate on certain qualities of the old masters; and in reaching out for things that belonged to the opulence of the Venetians and the mystery of Rembrandt, his pictures show a certain confusion of purpose. Or perhaps, on the other hand, the intensity with which he fixes his eyes on form and character makes him forget that he is dividing his canvas into ungainly and ill-connected parts; a fault from which the instinct of an older culture would have saved him.

But the time has come when the sense of his limitations is dissipating, in our minds, through our grasp of his immense qualities. One jealously defends the autochthonic character of his art because one feels that we must have a solid native basis such as Thomas Eakins offers us, upon which we may build when we have mastered the European traditions we are slowly assimilating. With the passing of time, when Eakins seems as far away as Copley, our first great primitive, the figure of the old Philadelphian painter and teacher will take an ever higher place among American artists: his work, with its almost naïve self-reliance and its deep, homely truth, will take on a profounder beauty even than that which we see in it to-day.

WALTER PACH.

BOOKS.

"THE DAYS OF A MAN."

As I contemplate the two large volumes of David Starr Jordan's "The Days of a Man,"¹ I am vividly reminded of a bright March Sunday long ago, in California, and of the author of this autobiography, a tall, bulky person, with something of the easy grace of an elephant, confessing to a wide-eyed outdoor audience of freshmen that he was a Shintoist. The book does not belie the man. David Starr Jordan might almost be described as the model offshoot of a marriage between science and humanism.

Dr. Jordan styles his volumes the "memories of a naturalist, teacher and minor prophet of democracy"; but this description indicates only faintly the richness and variety of his experiences. Few men, even in America, can have combined so many careers harmoniously in one; few can have known so thoroughly both the human and the scientific aspects of their own country and the world. For, first and last, as a student of fish and of men, he has followed half the highways of the world, and gone to sea on almost every body of water large enough to float a sloop. His curiosity has been boundless, and he has been at home and among friends wherever it has taken him.

The problem of summarizing this singularly varied life presents difficulties. David Starr Jordan was born on 19 January, 1851, of colonial stock, in an "old

brown farmhouse" near the village of Gainesville in northern New York. His parents were well educated, although by no means wealthy, and he grew up in an atmosphere of wide intellectual interests. His own tastes were scientific, but he did not suffer for lack of such literary provender as could be found in Dickens, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and Horace Greeley's *Tribune*. His formal education was begun in seminaries and academies near Gainesville. Out of school he occupied himself with farm work, became much interested in the breeding of sheep, studied the flora and fauna of the neighbourhood, and became proficient in baseball, flattering himself in later years that he affected the low-hitting style of his great contemporary, "Pop" Anson. After teaching school for a term or two, he entered Cornell University in March, 1869, pursuing his courses so successfully that he received in the spring of 1872, not the conventional A. B. but the Master's degree. His years at Cornell determined the course of his life, for there he not only developed what were to be his principal interests and occupations, but made friends who later figured largely in his educational experiment at Stanford University. Moreover, he found at Cornell a type of education which was neither "an expensive luxury, a privilege of the rich, nor yet a matter of charity, a dole to the poor." Cornell put upon him the stamp of a vigorous, individualistic democracy.

The finishing touch to young Jordan's early education was given at Penikese in the summer of 1873 at that summer school of Louis Agassiz which had so profound an influence upon scientific work in America. This school lasted but a few months; it "was held in an old barn on a little offshore island"; its founder "was most earnestly opposed" to the later all-conquering Darwinian theory; yet the impulse which it sent out "still lives and is deeply felt in every field of American science." Certainly Agassiz left his mark on David Starr Jordan, who set out to be a collector and investigator of fish, and who ended by being known best as an exponent of rationalistic democracy.

Dr. Jordan's history between his graduation from Cornell in 1872 and his assumption of the presidency of Indiana University in 1885 is largely that of a scientific investigator. He taught first at what is now Lombard college, at Galesburg, Illinois; then at a "collegiate institute" at Appleton, Wisconsin, which went out of existence at the end of his first year; then in the high school at Indianapolis, then at what later became Butler College, near Indianapolis; and finally at Indiana University, situated in the town of Bloomington. With his other labours he found time to take a degree in medicine from the Indianapolis Medical College, where he had as a classmate Dr. Harvey W. Wiley. In successive summer vacations he made walking trips through Europe with parties of students, and engaged in continually widening scientific explorations, first in the river-systems of the South; then, under the census bureau, along the whole Pacific coast from the Mexican border to the Fraser river. In September, 1882, he published, in collaboration with his pupil, Charles H. Gilbert, later a professor at Stanford, "A Synopsis of the Fishes of North America"; "this being the first complete and coherent account of the forms of which it treated." In January, 1885, what might be considered the probationary period of his life ended with his election as president of Indiana University. He was then 34 years old, the youngest college president in the country. This position led to what was to be his major educational work, the development of Stanford University,

¹"The Days of a Man: Being Memories of a Naturalist, Teacher and Minor Prophet of Democracy." David Starr Jordan. Yonkers, New York: The World Book Company. 2 vols. \$12.00.

The story of Cornell, of Indiana University and of Stanford furnishes an interesting chapter in the history of education which can only be hinted at here. It is sufficient to say that Dr. Jordan inherited from his student-days at Cornell, from his brief experience at Penikese, and from his work as teacher and investigator, a profound lifelong belief in individualistic education. He at once introduced at Indiana the elective "major" system, began to build up a faculty of young and enthusiastic graduates, and put the breath of life (although he does not assert as much) into a moribund institution. It was because of these qualities in his labours at Indiana that Senator Stanford of California sought him out in 1891 and induced him to take charge of the educational experiment which was about to be undertaken upon the Palo Alto ranch, thirty miles south-east of San Francisco. The bright beginnings at Stanford, the early struggles, the crisis which came after Stanford's death when the estate was tied up in litigation, the earthquake, and the rapid growth of influence and prestige are full of interest, but must be read in Dr. Jordan's own words.

The outstanding feature of Dr. Jordan's career as a college president is, perhaps, its marked difference from that of the conventional follower of that craft. He made up his mind, when assuming executive duties in 1885, that he would not allow them to prevent his giving courses to students or making original researches in the field. His record of the next thirty years shows how resolutely he adhered to this determination. In 1889 he made a trip through the West to study the river fauna of Colorado, New Mexico, and Utah; in 1896 he was made head of the joint commission to investigate the fur-seal problem in Bering sea, and he made trips to the North Pacific this year and the next. In 1900 he "visited every promising stream and fishing station" in Japan; in 1901 and 1902 he explored for the United States Fish Commission the waters around Hawaii and southward, visiting, among other spots in the Pacific, the island of Samoa; in 1903, continuing his work for the Fish Commission, he made a survey of the salmon rivers and canneries of Alaska; in 1905 he published a "Guide to the Study of Fishes," which he thinks might "fairly be called a monumental piece of work"; in 1907 he went to Australia and New Zealand to lecture on the American university system; in 1908 he served as a member of the joint international fisheries commission, following the Canadian boundary-line from Maine to Washington. In 1909 he gave up active duties as president of Stanford University, and for five years thereafter was intensely active under the auspices of the Ginn World Peace Foundation. At sixty-two, on the eve of the great war, he spent a strenuous year, ranging over the world from the Antipodes to the Balkans, lecturing and writing in the cause of world-peace.

In this last phase of his career, Dr. Jordan finally brought together his scientific and his humanistic interests. In 1898, in an address delivered in San Francisco, the day after Dewey's victory at Manila, he had the courage as well as the foresight to warn his hearers against the wave of jingoism and imperialism which followed. In 1899 he was one of the organizers of the Anti-Imperialist League. His method of approach to pacifism was twofold. In the first place, he believed wholeheartedly in democracy as the opposite of militarism. In the second place, he became more and more convinced of a truth barely indicated by Darwin, that instead of leading to the

"survival of the fittest," war is really the reversal of natural selection. His thinking and lecturing on these subjects led to the publication of "The Blood of the Nation" in 1902, "The Human Harvest" in 1906, and "War and the Breed" in 1915. No man in America has developed so unanswerably the biological argument for pacifism, or done so much to explode the grotesque superstitions behind which the obscene realities of war have been concealed. His labours in this field lay small claim to originality, but they constitute a synthesis of unique value.

The multifarious incidents of such a life, at which I have most inadequately hinted, are confusing enough, yet they are centred in a transcendently simple and uninvolved personality. The career of Dr. Jordan is the product of a firm belief that disinterested intelligence will solve every human problem. He reached mature years at a time when the boundaries of knowledge were being expanded in every direction, and when the beneficial effects of this extension seemed undeniable. To an intense scientific curiosity he joined the novelist's power of absorption in the various manifestations of human nature. He had no hatreds and no discernible prejudices. He had a key of instinctive friendliness that unlocked the hearts of Greeks and barbarians, of German professors and Japanese fishermen. He took his philosophy into the highways and dusty by-ways of the world, and it met the pragmatic test—it worked.

Neither his achievements as a scientist, nor his fruitful career as an educator, nor his brave although temporarily futile efforts to prevent war, seem to me the most important aspects of his life. What stands out from this record is a noble and practical faith.

ROBERT L. DUFFUS.

MR. HERRICK'S NEW NOVEL.

THE story in which Mr. Herrick¹ has chosen to present his something less than Wagnerian theme is composed of one quite modern plot and two that are ancient. The first subject, given out by the brass, is the Ugly Duckling, older than Andersen, but always subtly flattering to an audience, and used with handsome results by Mr. Tarkington in "The Conquest of Canaan." The second, for the wood, is the Triumphant Wife, which might well take its name from the Medea of Euripides, magnificently putting poor Jason in his place from her Parnassian chariot—much admired in Mr. St. John Ervine's version, "Mrs. Martin's Man." The modern plot is inevitably marriage; marriage in which first the wife and then the husband forms the uneven side of the triangle.

Mr. Herrick has the kindest feeling towards this Lilla Vance who entered his book a dirty little daughter of the prairies, in a too short cotton frock, and who justified her prophetic retort to a tidy New England mother by leaving it comely and pleasing; a Brünnhilde who had quite literally beaten her spear into a pruning hook and garnered with it enough fruits of the earth to dismiss a husband with his dinner and a handful of crumpled banknotes. Lilla was one of those girls who are called, in language as carefully polite as Mr. Herrick's, attractive to men. Having been found entirely too attractive by a glamorously Bostonian cousin, and having in direct consequence been persuaded by her mother that nice women do not love their husbands, she accepted the well-washed hand of a certain Gordon F. James, principal of a Chicago high school.

Like all the more celebrated thaliamial elegies, "Homely Lilla" is not so much damaging evidence against the

¹ "Homely Lilla." Robert Herrick. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$1.90.

venerable institution of marriage as it is evidence against the marriage of the complacent with the aspiring. These Jameses, like the Sabres, the Kennicotts, the Fays, and even the more distinguished Randons, could never have lived happily very long after; not even in the days when women were still content to become harems of one. Marriage will hardly perish from the earth before such an assault—an assault which is no inconsiderable proof that the Crocean theory holds a good deal of water. A man who could think clearly about the problem that marriage has become since women were rashly allowed to learn their letters, could scarcely write as Mr. Herrick has written in this book.

FRANCES NEWMAN.

AN ULTRA-MODERN POET.

THERE are roughly two types of modern poets, which may be called the realist and the metaphysical. Poets of the former type are inspired by the outer world; and they attempt to realize the scenes which they see about them, in logical order, as directed by personal preference, and without attempting to discover what is the exact relationship between outward fact and their own inner aims and needs. The poets of the latter, and less numerous class, are preoccupied solely with themselves. They are analysts of reality, striving to create an interior harmony which rests beyond order and logic. Apart from these two classes are the sentimentalists, who substitute a limited degree of feeling for a free handling of reality; and in this class are most of the so-called Georgian poets. With this third class we have for the moment nothing to do.

Jean de Bosschère is a poet of the second type; he is subjective, sceptical, and metaphysical. Like all poets of this class, he has produced little in quantity; but his work, in a general way, has had—like the work of Mr. T. S. Eliot, which it resembles and largely anticipates—a wide influence upon the modern school as a whole. Monsieur Bosschère writes in French, but he is fortunate in finding excellent translators. His former book, "The Closed Door," was ably rendered into English by Mr. Flint; the poems in the present collection have been entrusted to a committee, in which Mr. Edward J. O'Brien plays a predominating part. As Monsieur Bosschère lives in London, we may reasonably class him amongst the extreme left wing of the modern English poets; in any case, he is a poet, and one who merits more than a casual examination.

The basis of his art is a persistent search for truth rather than for beauty. In "The Closed Door," he made the important discovery that most of what passes in the world for truth is in reality only illusion. The ideals of democracy, militarism, family life, conventional religion, were successively examined by him with detached scorn. The method of writing was always by clear image and parable—Bosschère is himself a highly skillful illustrator—and this preoccupation with definite form prevented him from ever drifting into obscurity. "Job le Pauvre,"¹ as the new collection is called, carries this inquiry into truth and reality one step farther.

Unfortunately, as art "Job le Pauvre" is inferior to "The Closed Door," for a reason inherent in Bosschère's peculiar method. To strip off and put aside one illusion after the other may be the sole means of reaching reality; but art exists, as Elie Faure has pointed out, not through the destruction but the reconquest of illusions; not through the denial of life, but by its repeated affirmation. In "Job le Pauvre," Bosschère affirms even less than in "The Closed Door." The atmosphere of this new book is funereal; and its savour is like a whiff from a coffin-vault. This atmosphere extends to the black binding, the

heavy typography, and the ferocious illustrations. These last—greatly inferior to the poems they illustrate—are nevertheless in keeping with the general quality of the book, for in them Bosschère repeatedly combines a suggestion of death with the use of perfectly palpable sexual symbols—a juxtaposition that reminds us of the sombre sermons and denunciations of the early Fathers of the Church. In fact, this poet is, in a sense, so modern as to be mediæval; so completely sceptical as to be Catholic. But his Catholicism is not the happy, care-free, jolly-dog Catholicism of the wine-and-song variety beloved by Chesterton; neither is it the stiffly quilted and brocaded ritualism of Claudel, the agonized mysticism of Unamuno, nor the sentimental rose-water Catholicism of Max Elskamp or Francis Jammes; it is the genuine black, hopeless, monastic Catholicism of Tertullian, St. Augustine, and the Inquisition.

It is noteworthy also that he does not accept his creed, except in so far as he is obliged by the logic of facts to accept it. If it be true that God created this world for his own purposes, he says in effect, then is the world even worse than we suppose. This is brought out most clearly by the extraordinary dialogue, "*Cesse de te plaindre*," which I quote in Mr. Flint's translation. At the outset of this poem God calls upon man to cease his endless lamentations. He remarks:

Are not all things well ordered?
Look at the tree that mounts, then splits its body,
And then the leaves burst into balls of green,
And all things come to him that waits.

At which man merely cries out uselessly for God to show pity. But worse follows:

Is not man thirsty when the inn confronts him?
And hungry when his pittance is before him?
And the desire he guards so closely within him,
Is it not always there
When it is wanted?
Did I not inspire you to make the day twelve hours?
And at each hour all men
With one sole movement,
Like an imperial army,
At the same hour,
With one, sole, selfsame movement . . .

Truly such a God is a "cruel burlesque," not a God. And for him to add "Have I not given you a heart?" is but to add insult to injury.

From another point of view, man is equally helpless to remedy matters. The beautiful poem, "*Bien des Années*," probably the most beautiful that Bosschère has written, brings this out most clearly:

Many years, all these unlimited seasons,
I have carried the universe with me,
Too vast, so immense, so narrow;
No larger than a pedlar's basket,
The little things in a circle
Within reach of the hand,
And beyond there is nothing.

I have offered nothing and I dwell nowhere,
Save in the midst of this universe that encloses me,
Of this world which contains me like a narrow tent,
And I do not see beyond.
And they no longer see me;
Their eyes are behind panes of glass where the sun is shining,
And I am in the obscurity of the void.

But in the past,
Made of shattered crystal,
An embrace sugared with suburban sweets,
And the firmness of flesh under the finger between skin and bone,

¹ "Job le Pauvre." Jean de Bosschère. London: John Lane.

And absolute tears
Round and sure as water!
Then, riper loves,
Bodies which know and freeze in their despair
And do not wish to think of God at all. . .

I hope that the above fragmentary passages from Mr. O'Brien's excellent rendering will induce more to look up the original. For the French language is capable of an acid, corrosive irony which English totally lacks. To compare, for example, "an embrace sugared with suburban sweets" to "*un baiser sucré de praline de faubourg*," is to see how much of Bosschère's work remains, when all that is possible is done, essentially untranslatable.

His special genius is to create Leopardi-like plaints of irremediable woe from the apparatus of banal fact. When he alters the tone from this narrow but unquestionably high level, he descends to what is more cleverly constructed but somehow less sincere. "The poem on the dead dog of the friend," as Mr. Ezra Pound, aping Ollendorf, has called it, is merely a feeble *jeu d'esprit*, as is the poem on Harpocrates. In the "Job" poem we get something more objective; a series of brilliant snapshots of a hospital, and of London in war-time. Take this, for example:

*L'homme d'os et de cuir est au bord de la Pelouse,
Tamise, Abbaye de Westminster couchée
Tel un train arrêté avec au tuyau un cadran d'heures,
Bus sur le pont, rouges, jaunes, peinture,
Dirigeable semblable à une conserve dans sa boîte de fer blanc.*

In five lines there is the view from St. Thomas's hospital, the view over Westminster Bridge. We are a long way from Wordsworth and his "Earth has not anything to show more fair." But for Wordsworth the world reposed on a moral reality, and man and nature were fundamentally equally good. For the modern, nature is supremely indifferent, man neither good nor evil, but the helpless victim of circumstances. Which view is the correct one? It is too early as yet to ask. Monsieur Bosschère's art is cruel, and his mind has the quality of a surgeon's scalpel, but it is necessary for humanity to face the full horrors of reality before it can aspire to create again any truly great and noble illusion.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

A CHIP OF OLD CONCORD.

MR. OLIVER HERFORD, in the few words which introduce these memories¹ of a Painter and a Yankee, tells us that at a Boston dinner party a lady opened her mouth to speak and then remarked, "Oh, pardon me, Mr. Simmons, I interrupted you." "Madame," replied Simmons, with a Chesterfieldian smile, the gift of which many an Academician would give all his decorations to possess, "Madame, no one can *speak* without interrupting me." But no reader of discrimination will want to interrupt the clear, bubbling, rippling flow of these reminiscences. It is related here, too, that Mr. Oliver Herford, who possesses in perfection the gentle art of seeing himself and his friends humorously, once wrote a brilliant vermilion card which he posted near the fireplace of the Players Club, and the warning stood out: "Exit, in case of Simmons." But it is not related that anybody ever made his exit or apparently wanted to, "in case of Simmons." It requires some experience of life and much tolerance of others' opinions, to enjoy this book thoroughly. But anybody who has these qualities will find it a real treasure-house; for Mr. Simmons writes as he talks, with great fluidity, patches of unforced eloquence, and a kindly spirit which,

while it has a touch of malice when he speaks of any kind of lawful restraint, is not malicious.

Mr. Simmons began his life in Hawthorne's Old Manse at Concord. His sketches of the distinguished persons among whom he lived are miniatures of distinction. He loved the Manse with its gabled roofs and chimneys at both ends, and an attic of wonderful nooks and crannies to hide in:

It was up in this attic that my grandmother Ripley was found by the caller rocking a cradle with her foot and holding a book in her hand which she was intently reading. It was written in Sanskrit!

Charles Sumner was one of the frequent callers upon his family. One day, young Simmons was playing upon the sitting-room floor. Suddenly he felt a hand upon his head; it was the hand of Sumner:

'My boy,' he said. 'When you grow up you'll find out two things. One is that all men have mothers; but I don't think you will ever meet any other man who has ever had a mother like yours.'

The Emersons were regarded by the Concord colony as rich people, but the rest of the colony were not at all ashamed of being poor. Theirs was a poverty, however, which was quite consonant with high thinking, and it was rather an advantage than otherwise. Mr. Simmons's mother would sit in church only in pews reserved for the poor; there were no poorer people in the almshouse, she declared! The New England spirit that made "The Scarlet Letter" possible still persisted.

Although she was such a housewife, she had a great independence of thought. A woman had come to Concord, with no husband, and given birth to a child. This, for New England at that time, was a terrible scandal. The boy was my age and went to school. All the other boys whispered behind his back as if he had been in jail, although by this time his mother was properly married to a young farmer upon Barret's Hill. No one ever spoke to her in church or bowed. My mother, very quietly, every summer, put on her best clothes and walked the mile or more up the hill to call.

His early life in Hawthorne's Old Manse deeply impressed the young artist, who, in his later days, hardly gives himself credit for a receptiveness which was really exquisite. He found on the window of the dining-room in the old house, written with a diamond, by Hawthorne, this sentence: "On this day my daughter Una was born, while the trees are all glass chandeliers." It impressed him deeply. Later he went to Harvard. "Somehow, I think," Mr. Simmons says, "a college education is of benefit to two classes of people only—those who desire to acquire social position, and those who want to get training in a certain subject." Harvard satisfied him in neither of these respects. Nobody had a better social position than Concord's plain folk! He was in love with beauty and Harvard gave him nothing beautiful. It seemed to him that Harvard regarded poetry much in the light in which the second Duke of Wellington looked on the writing of sonnets, which he wrote, but never published: "How ridiculous would be a sonneteer Duke!" said this nobleman; and that Mr. Emerson was half ashamed of his lyrical gifts—in fact, that a Harvard man who devoted himself to art or to *belles lettres* rather lost something of his dignity.

His adventures in California, when he was in search of a career, are certainly piquant. One catches here the spirit of the place and the epoch. He knew Adolph Sutro and Ralston and the famous Emperor Norton. His experiences in New England, among the wildflowers which Thoreau valued in anything but money, had not taught him the point of view of the commercial florist. He

¹ "From Seven to Seventy, Memories of a Painter and a Yankee." Edward Simmons. With an Introduction by Oliver Herford. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$4.00.

was always gallant. He wanted to send some lilies of the valley to a young woman whom he greatly admired. The florist murmured something about twenty-five cents a pot. The lily of the valley is one of the flowers that grows sparsely in California. He ordered a dozen pots, and cut off the blooms to be sent to the young lady's house. It was an appalling romance in the poor young man's life when he found that the florist's whisper of twenty-five cents meant not twenty-five cents a pot, but twenty-five cents a blossom!

Mr. Simmons had been told by Crowninshield that as an artist he had something which would be of great value in the future but which was very dangerous. He called it "*chic*." When he went to Paris and entered Julian's *atelier*, he began to paint at once the head of an Italian. He thought he was on the way to elaborating his quality of *chic*. But Boulanger said to him, "If you go on in this way, you might as well go home and make shoes." Here the reality in Simmons came out—a reality and sincerity which he sometimes conceals. Boulanger pushed him aside, but Simmons stopped him: "I do not know anything," he said, tears streaming down his face, "but I have come here to learn. You shall not leave me until you tell me what to do." Boulanger, like many teachers, was rudely recalled to the fact that it was his business to impart knowledge, not merely to criticize defects. He told Simmons what to do, with results which we who know his best work can proudly see.

Nearly every page of this book has a little picture of something interesting or unusual, or a special sketch of some interesting or unusual person. He knew Zorn, for instance; and he knew Whistler. The humorous, coarse, graphic and earthly human peasant Swede of genius comes to life again under his brush. We see Barbizon as he saw it, and Stuttgart with its arrogant, hard-drinking group of officers. His description of his first work in mural decoration is altogether admirable. What he began to do we all know now, and those who remember the Chicago of his time, before its soul burst into the most beautiful of White Cities, may sympathize with Munkittrick's quatrain "To a Bulb" which Simmons quotes:

Missshapen, black, unlovely to the sight,
Oh, mute companion of the murky mole,
You must feel overjoyed to have a white,
Imperious, dainty lily for a soul.

His chapter on the Players Club is a thing of joy; and his power of seeing everything through a whimsical personality tintured greatly with common sense makes this volume one of the most delightful lately printed. "Delightful" hardly expresses this; it is delectable!

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

SHORTER NOTICES.

If George Eliot had spent her youth in Berks County, Pennsylvania, she might have written "The House of Yost."¹ There is in this work some of her intellectual rigour, her quiet, penetrating insight into men and women, her ability to wring from a circumstance its essence of meaning; and if the writer who calls herself Georg Schock is of smaller stature than her Victorian prototype, and incapable of mastering as large a canvas or maintaining as strenuous a mood, still she has inherited something of that fire cold as ice which eats into the heart of things. Any story of the Pennsylvania Dutch is bound to be a study of repressions, of inhibitions and the stupidities of provincialism, and Georg Schock's novel is no exception. Here is a people cabined, far out of the modern industrial current; a people essentially narrow. Nevertheless, the author finds them in many respects a deeply serious people, grappling with the stern realities of niggardly farms and realizing some of the virtues, along with most of the vices, of a closed environment. For such a

portrayal the writing of Georg Schock is well suited. Shrewd, observant, close-fisted in comment, she knows how to use words and when not to use them; but the second half of the book falls lamentably short of the promise of the first half. The conversation yawns into horrid gaps of lifeless material, nor does the author hesitate to use uncalled for melodrama in order to solve her difficulties, forcing the issues to accelerate her story, so that in the end she has practically to feed her hero *la vita nuova* by force. This is a pity, for "The House of Yost" otherwise gives evidence of good, sound workmanship and genuine feeling.

E. S.

It does not appear from Miss Cohen's anthology¹ that there has been much progress between the generation of Dobson and H. C. Bunner and the generation of Masefield and Robert Frost, in the writing of English lyrics in the standard French forms. The chant royal, the triolet, the villanelle, the sestina remain just about as they were; the sole perceptible advance in technique seems to be in the ballades of James Branch Cabell, who, by a liberal infusion of run-on lines, has managed to shift the whole metrical weight of the ballade stanza. In regard to content, our contemporaries are amusing but not new. "B. L. T." and "F. P. A." continue the tradition of Lang and Dobson; and the wit of Chesterton, expressed in a rigid rhyme-scheme, differs in degree but not in kind from that of James K. Stephens. Miss Cohen's collection is able and exhaustive. Preceded by a competent historical introduction and a tabular guide for the aspiring versifier, it is the best anthology of English lyrics in French forms now before the public.

H. M. J.

It seems that there is a spot, hidden away in these United States, where life has spontaneously some of the community-feeling which neighbourhood settlements, block parties, philanthropic bridge, and perhaps Bagby Musicales, try vainly to foster. We had a hint of it some time ago when a collection of folk-tunes from the more northerly of the Southern States was brought to our attention. Later, when we read Mrs. Dargan's sketches of life in the Carolina mountains we were sure there was something unusual in the air; and now, in Professor Koch's account of what is going on at the State University of North Carolina, printed in his preface to a volume of Carolina folk-plays,² we get a picture of community-life which persists in the mountain-lands and along the coast-line of North Carolina in "neighbourhoods where the customs of the first English settlers still prevail, where folk-tales still survive in words and phrases long since obsolete to us, handed down by word of mouth from one generation to another through all the years of their isolation." Under such conditions, Professor Koch and his students at the University have gradually brought into being a sort of dramatic fellowship, "The Carolina Players," a society of amateurs in co-operative folk-arts. "Anyone who did anything toward the making of a play was counted a playmaker." The play-writing itself is considered as part of the course of dramatic composition. The plays were performed first in the college town, later in the towns and villages throughout the State. The one-act plays published in Professor Koch's volume are sincere, dramatic work, well-fitted for practical presentation to the audience for which they were written. Two of them, "Peggy" and "The Last of the Lowries," on the themes of self-abnegation and mother-love, have a more general appeal. But the real value of such work lies in the fact that it is done for a locality in which it is indigenous. It is for home consumption and cultivates home talent. The publication of these with Professor Koch's foreword and explanation should be an inducement to the people of other localities to cultivate the artistic impulses of their own community.

M. L. M.

No student of modern Italy can afford to miss M. Tittoni's³ judicious and illuminating utterances on Italy's methods of grappling with present problems of labour, unemployment, budget, exchange, immigration. Significant are his analyses of

¹ "Lyric Forms from France." Helen Louise Cohen. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$2.50.

² "Carolina Folk-Plays." Edited, with an introduction on the Making of Folk-Plays, by Frederick H. Koch. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$1.75.

³ "Modern Italy." Tommaso Tittoni. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

¹ "The House of Yost." Georg Schock. New York: Boni and Liveright. \$2.00.

the different schools of socialism and their platforms, his approval of the moderate socialistic principles which imply better employment and a better division of wealth, and his frank admission that Italy was obliged by the war to make extensive socialistic experiments by assuming control of railways, steamship-lines and waterways, by developing town-owned public-utility monopolies, by allowing occupation of uncultivated lands, and by leaving unhampered the operation of factories by the workmen. Regarding the social experiment last mentioned, M. Tittoni says: "From the day the workers occupied the factories, they found themselves confronted by reality, and were obliged to realize the impossibility of their taking over the entire administrative control. From that time communism lost ground daily among the great mass of the people. Tragic reading are the frank pages on the Italian budget and exchange; the enormous burden of taxation upon the individual; the further obstacles to reconstruction created by the new American immigration-laws. In facing such depressing facts, M. Tittoni hopefully suggests an international commercial bureau to study problems of raw material and transportation, an international clearing-house to stabilize the exchange, and conventional agreements between individual nations on emigration. His point of view, and indeed the great theme underlying the whole book, is one with which all idealists must sympathize, be it ever so sceptically, a plea "for a better co-operation between people, for a more intimate international existence, for a more human solidarity of labour, of production, of thought and affection."

E. H. H.

EX LIBRIS.

A HALF-DOZEN years ago Mr. J. C. Squire's name was associated in the minds of many readers with a couple of small volumes of extraordinarily happy verse-parody, and especially a burlesque of Mr. E. L. Masters entitled "If Gray Had Had to Write his Elegy in the Cemetery of Spoon River." Those pieces were perfect of their kind, and would have made secure for him a minor but very comely reputation. Since that time, however, Mr. Squire has emerged more and more into the centre of the literary stage, until now he is a very portentous figure indeed, the author of many volumes of light essays, serious verse, and criticism, and editor of an authoritative literary monthly in London. One has the feeling that he has become a kind of oracle, and that for many literate persons his judgments are little less than Delphic. It is obvious that he takes himself with a good deal of seriousness; otherwise he would not have reprinted scores of occasional essays in his three series of "Books in General," in "Life and Letters," and in the present "Books Reviewed."¹ But his distinction, on candid examination, does not seem to be a major one. In the rôle of informal essayist, as in these "Essays at Large,"² though he achieves now and then a dry sort of humour, he fails to achieve genuine excellence through not perceiving the fine line that can be drawn between the apparently insignificant and the really trivial: Mr. Robert Lynd, to mention a contemporary who succeeds in that mode, makes very charming literature of the one without ever descending to the other. With a somewhat insistent bookishness, and in spite of occasional ingenuity, Mr. Squire's essays are thin, savourless, and jejune, and the reprinting of them in book form amounts to a kind of literary grave-snatching.

As a literary critic he challenges attention by virtue of his prestige if on no other head; and it is not difficult to see what his prestige derives from. He writes pleasantly and even gaily about all kinds of books. His judgments are, for the most part, tempered and reasonable, and are calculated to disturb no one. He holds no revolutionary

or pessimistic philosophy, and shuns the baroque and the arcane as he would the plague. The man in the street, if he has a literary turn, will not find Mr. Squire uncongenial company; none of his cherished illusions will be shattered by anything Mr. Squire says, nor will any of his idols be overturned. He will applaud Mr. Squire's statement that "this war of England's—a perfectly just war against great strength, a war in its immediate motives chivalrous, a war which brought all the best of the country's youth willingly face to face with death—directly produced much beautiful and exalted feeling." It must not be supposed that Mr. Squire is always egregious: indeed, a kind of rough Johnsonian common sense seems to be his chief critical stock in trade. It enables him to expose and flay the more grotesque and palpable kinds of folly, and on subjects like Dr. Berman's gland-theories and Mrs. Watts-Dunton's reminiscences of Swinburne's home life, he is sufficiently lively. The mean sensual man will not be sorry to see an advanced psychologist made a fool of, and he will rejoice at anything that makes an irregular genius like Swinburne seem preposterous. "Did Swinburne wear sock-suspenders?" asks Mr. Squire facetiously. "So very much hangs upon them." One can almost hear the "bravos" in the second balcony.

No; this is all very bright and humorous, but it will not dispel an uneasy feeling in one's mind that Mr. Squire's reputation rests upon the essential triviality of his spirit and his flair for the mediocre. As a critic he is at his best in his brief accounts of certain minor men such as Marvell, Akenside, the minor Carolines, Christopher Smart, John Clare: on this ground he is judicious and even illuminating. But what can one say to a critic who fights shy of the first-rate as steadily as Mr. Squire does? or who strikes so wide of the mark when he does direct a shot at it? He once said of Anatole France that "If he lives, as I think he will live [*sic*], he will live as a maker of *bijouterie*, a craftsman, a witty and dainty essayist." In the present volume he says of Whitman that he "was born a poet, but there were strains in his character which prevented him from making the most of his natural endowment." He joined in the hue and cry of reviewers over Katherine Mansfield's "cruelty"; he laments what he calls the "grossness" in Mr. George Moore; he finds the innovators in recent American poetry to be actuated chiefly "by a desire to attract attention or a desire to be different from other people"; when he writes of Mr. Bernard Shaw's latest volume, he can go no farther than this:

His characters are mostly sticks; his appeal is almost continuously to the intellect; the text is overloaded with topical references; a few passages are in bad taste and many are tiresome.

No doubt that is what passes for criticism in many circles, but could it easily be surpassed for breezy superficiality, for bland refusal to say more than what is, on its own plane, undeniable?

It is possible to hold more than one opinion about the task of criticism, but is it possible to deny that it involves, at the least, an abandonment of current syntheses, a corrective effort to pave the way for revisions and new syntheses so far as they are genuine and first-rate? The critic who makes himself merely the mouthpiece of contemporary taste and thought, though he may be briskly well-informed and exceptionally shrewd, is failing to perform the more onerous part of his rôle. Mr. Squire is a critic of that calibre, and his success is upon that level.

NEWTON ARVIN.

¹ "Books Reviewed." J. C. Squire. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.00.

² "Essays at Large." Solomon Eagle. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.00.

IN a recent discussion of the respective values of certain musical works, Mr. Artur Schnabel, the renowned pianist, remarked that genius discloses itself in a composer's use of his themes, not necessarily in the themes themselves. Melodic invention is, of course, a prerequisite to distinguished work but, though many a mediocre composition is based on pleasing melodies, music that is really great owes as much to the manner in which its stuff is employed and developed as to the material itself.

Literature is subject to assessment by the same standard. Magazines that deal with public affairs draw their themes from a common well; the degree of interest aroused in the reader depends upon the mental process by which the subject-matter is transmuted. We know that the FREEMAN attracts and retains its following not only because of the tunes it sings but on account of its contrapuntal skill. New ideas are rare; it is the combination, presentation and application of ideas that engage alert minds. For example, Europe does not stand in need of new ideas; it requires merely that those in power apply age-old principles to the existing situation. When the FREEMAN discusses politics and economics it advocates no new gospel; it is content to recall sober-minded citizens from the guile of vendors of political and economic gold-bricks to fundamental law.

Few writers have been more startling in their explanations of social phenomena by fundamental laws, than Thorstein Veblen, author of "The Theory of the Leisure Class" and other books that have left their impress on this generation's thinking. Some of Mr. Veblen's essays will appear in the FREEMAN during the Spring—the first one next week. We announce the fact in advance so that non-subscribers may make certain of getting the articles by subscribing, and that subscribers whose terms expire may be prompted to renew at once. Those of our readers who are particular admirers of Mr. Veblen's works may regard this period as a good one in which to draw members into the FREEMAN fold. Give us the names of potential subscribers and we will send them, free, a copy of the issue containing the first of Mr. Veblen's articles.

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